

THE GRAPHIC

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No. 713.—VOL. XXVIII.

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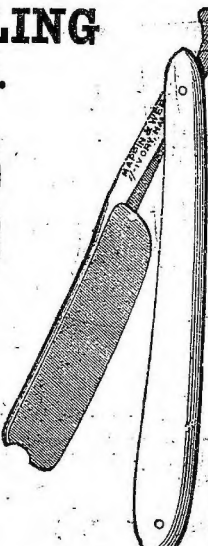
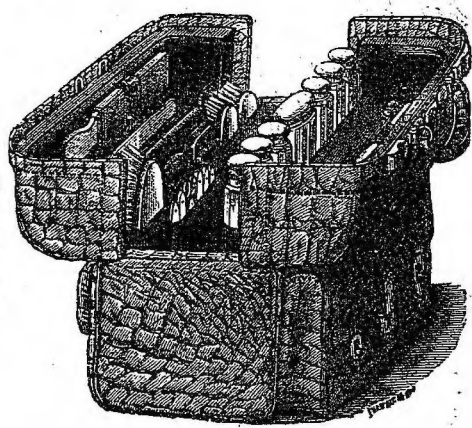
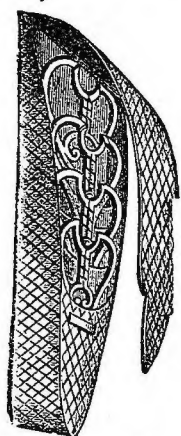
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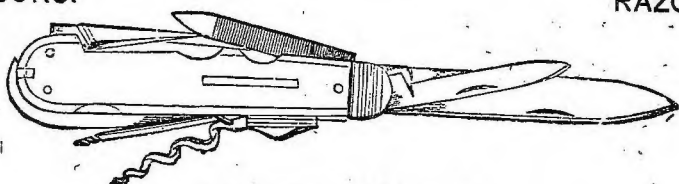
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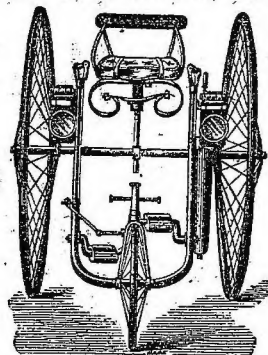
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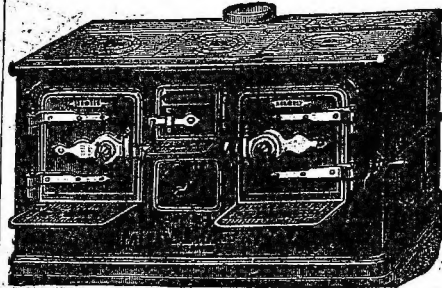
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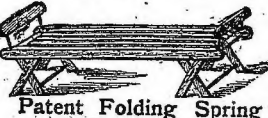
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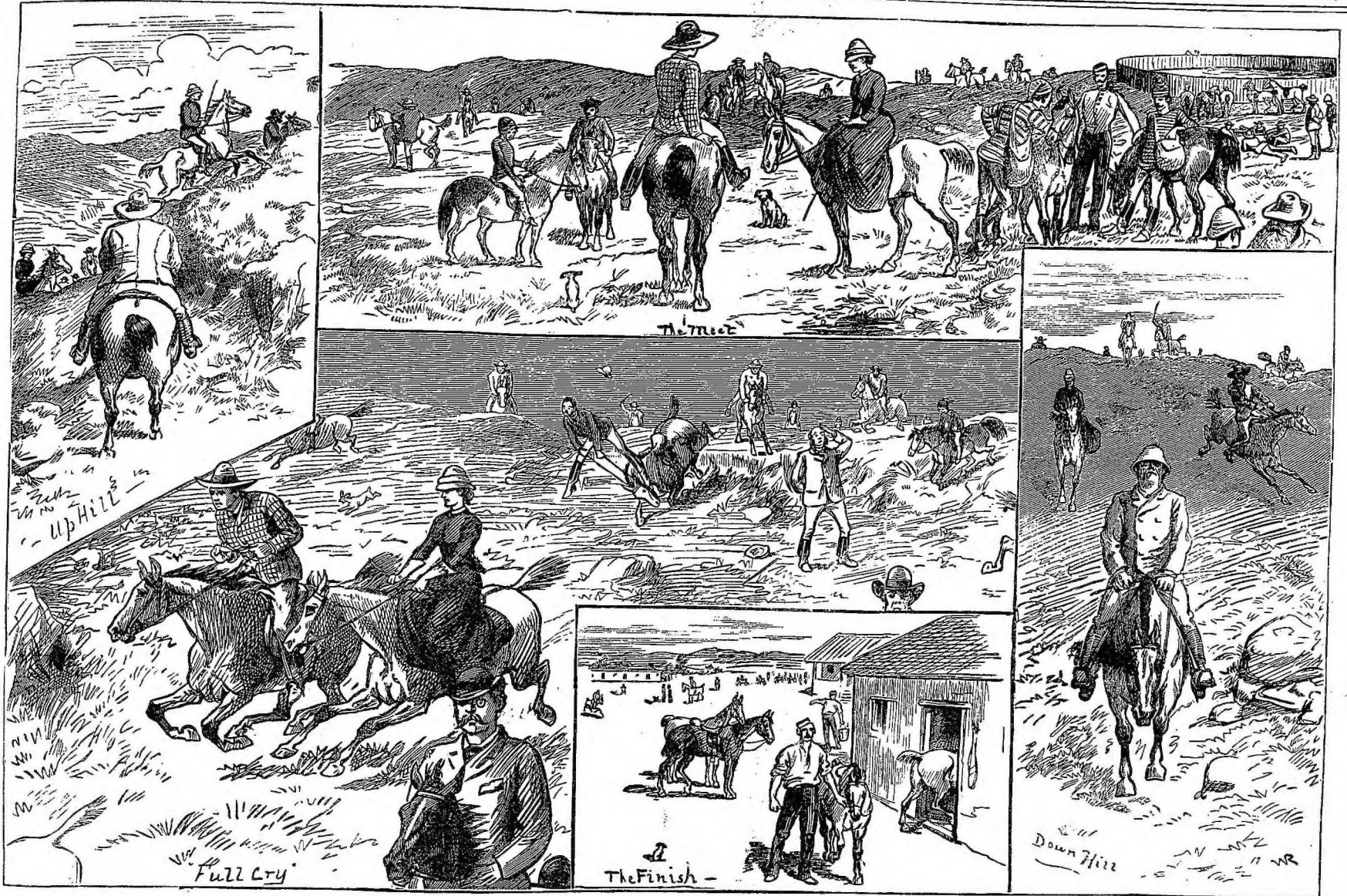
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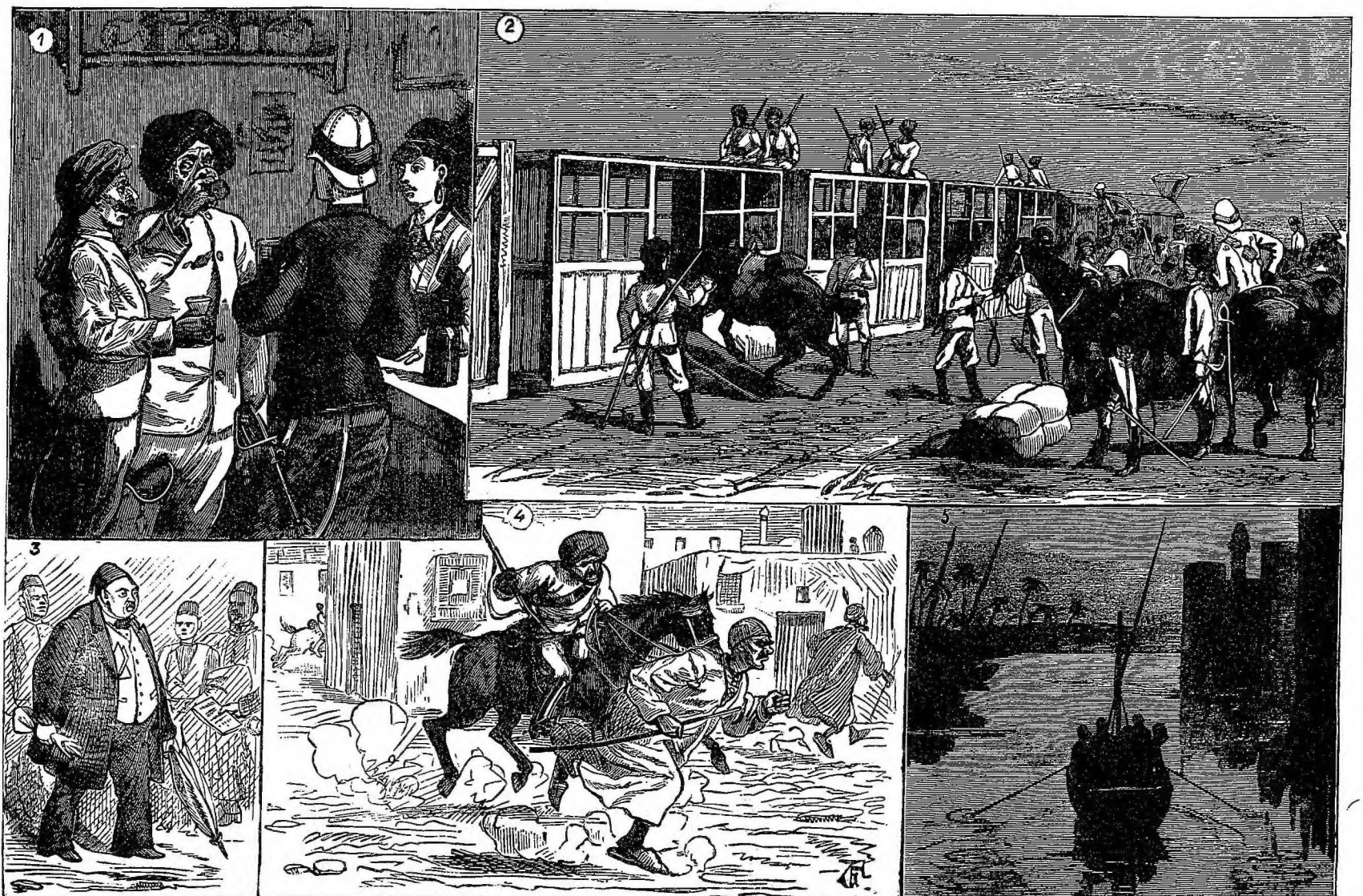
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THE CHOLERA IN EGYPT—WITH A SANITARY CORDON OF MOUNTED CONSTABULARY

Topics of the Week

THE ABANDONED AGREEMENT.—From a personal point of view, the Government were justified in withdrawing their proposal from Parliament. A combination of Conservatives, Parnellites, and Fourth Party men was a danger too formidable to be faced. But their withdrawal has placed the country in a very awkward position. All this difficulty might have been avoided if the proposed plan had been brought less clumsily before the notice of the public. Of the plan itself we approve; because, as we said last week, if the Government are correct in attributing to M. de Lesseps the exclusive powers which he claims, they must accept the best bargain they can squeeze out of him. Looking back now at the course of events, it must be said plainly that the Government contrived to bring forward a distasteful scheme in the most distasteful manner possible. The public were aware that merchants and shipowners were complaining bitterly of the inadequacy of the existing Canal, of its exorbitant charges, and of its irritating mismanagement. The public were aware that a strong desire existed for a new and independent Canal, and that, if the Government had said, "We give you leave to make it," the money would have been subscribed in the City in twenty-four hours. Yet, knowing the feeling which prevailed in the mercantile world, the Government suddenly announced, without a word of explanation, without previously sounding the views of persons interested in ships and freights, that they had effected an arrangement with the existing Canal Company. The bargain appeared to be very one-sided; it looked as if M. de Lesseps, like the Dutch in Canning's verses, was "giving too little and asking too much." More deliberate investigation showed that the arrangement was less disadvantageous for us than it seemed, always provided that M. de Lesseps was legally within his rights in straddling across the Isthmus like a Colossus. There was a fair prospect of solid benefits in return for our 8,000,000*l.* An adequate Canal would have been made, tolls would have been gradually reduced, and without doubt the voice of England would have been heard more effectively than at present in the Company's Board-room. Now we are all adrift again, and the weather-tokens are not over-promising. The French, who, rightly or wrongly, persist in regarding the De Lesseps Company as a national concern, are very angry with us for flouting the Ministerial proposal; and if M. de Lesseps is permitted to widen the Canal with money borrowed in France, the Company will become more Gallic and more exclusive than ever. Beyond, and in fact intermingled, with all these difficulties, lies the important question to which an answer must ere long be given. Do we intend to stay in Egypt permanently; and, if not, when shall we go? The Government assert that the British occupation is only temporary; but, apart from the troubles caused by the cholera, when do they imagine that Tewfik will be strong enough to reign without the support of foreign bayonets? And, as even the Gladstone Government will scarcely be so silly as to walk out of Egypt for the sake of letting some other Great Power walk in, it looks as if we must either occupy the country indefinitely, or hand it over to an International Commission. All these subjects will be debated when Sir Stafford Northcote's motion comes on for discussion; let us trust that they will be debated prudently and temperately. A victory over the Government may be dearly purchased if it should involve us in serious troubles abroad.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—To all who had learned to believe in the permanence of what is rather loosely called the Anglo-French Alliance there is something very disheartening in the existing relations of the two countries. A highly philosophic journal has, indeed, declared that France and England were never more friendly than they are now, but ordinary observers would find it hard to point to any evidence in support of this opinion. Many Englishmen have undoubtedly watched with some jealousy, and perhaps with a little alarm, the recent developments of French colonial policy; and French journalists use very plain language about our supposed selfishness and arrogance. It may be hoped that in the discussion of Sir Stafford Northcote's motion regarding the claims of M. de Lesseps responsible politicians will carefully refrain from saying anything that might tend to increase the difficulties of the present situation. We are assured by some ardent patriots that, whatever misunderstanding might arise, France could not afford to go to war with England. Even if that were true, it would scarcely prove that we should care nothing about French susceptibilities; but is it true? Those who know France best will, perhaps, be least inclined to dogmatise on the subject. The French are very much afraid of Germany, no doubt; but Germany would not necessarily interfere if strife broke out between us and our neighbours. She knows very well that Russia would be only too willing to go to the help of France; and Germany would have no wish to enter upon a vast conflict in which success would be purchased at a terrible cost. Altogether, it would be hazardous to assume that war between France and England is rendered impossible by the general condition of Europe; and fortunately no such assumption seems to be made either by the Government or by the leaders of the Opposition. Hitherto wild talk has

been indulged in only by a few reckless newspapers; and it ought to be shown in Parliament that these authorities do not indicate the real current of national opinion and feeling.

TURKISH TROUBLES.—While the affairs of most European countries are in an uncomfortable state, the Turks are, perhaps, especially to be pitied. They are naturally alarmed, of course, at the progress of the cholera, but these old brooms of their administration by no means sweep clean, and a little superficial "tidying up" is all they can be troubled to attempt at Constantinople. Then in Asia Minor, according to a Turkish tourist lately "interviewed" by a correspondent of the *Standard*, everything is going to wreck and ruin. The country people are in "a state of misery almost defying description." The Governors, like the old Roman proconsuls at the close of the Republican period, have no object except to enrich themselves as quickly as possible at the cost of the populace. A man is assessed at a fancy sum, dragged off to prison, and fastened up with an iron collar round his neck till he satisfies the Governor. The Turkish traveller cried in wrath, "Let England, or France, or any one, take this country," but Russia is the disinterested nation most likely to answer the appeal. Meanwhile, an insurrection is being arranged in Crete, somewhat on the lines of the agitation which led to the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Tithes are refused, the Cretans are arming, and the Greeks of the kingdom think there is a good time coming.

PROGRESS OF THE CHOLERA.—That the disease has almost ceased its ravages in the places where it originally appeared, while raging with aggravated fury in fresh localities, is an experience which coincides with that gained in previous outbreaks of cholera. It is very unlikely that in such a town as Damietta the cholera has been scared away by sanitary reforms; it is more probable that, having slaughtered all the persons who, for various unknown reasons, were liable to its assaults, it has become locally extinct for want of material to feed upon. Cairo, which was the other day intact, now appears to be the spot where the greatest malignancy is shown. To us at home it seems especially grievous that the infection should have spread to our own troops, but those who have lived in India are well aware that, although Europeans may escape when there are only a few sporadic cases among the natives, the cholera smites down the white man and the brown man with terrible impartiality during a regular epidemic. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that the Government are doing the best they can for the health of our troops, and that they are not, through fear of political difficulties, delaying their removal to the Desert until they have already absorbed the germs of the disease. As for the unfortunate natives, our anomalous position in Egypt is forcibly illustrated by the difficulties with which we are confronted. In India we should refuse to permit such barbarous contrivances for shutting out the cholera as military cordons; still less should we permit wretched creatures to be chased out of their homes, driven on board barges, and then cast ashore without food or shelter. Then, while the scrupulous consciences of Mr. Gladstone and some of his colleagues prevent us from assuming the practical direction of affairs in Egypt during this terrible crisis, Continental Governments hold us responsible for everything; indeed, for a great deal more than they would have held Ismail responsible for. It was our selfish greed, they allege, which imported the cholera into Egypt; and should it effect a lodgment at any European port they will attribute it to our neglect of proper precautions. Altogether, the extraordinary fit of Jingoism which led our highly-moral Premier last year to seize and occupy Egypt, is at the present time producing rather unpleasant consequences.

ZULULAND.—Cetewayo and his supporters were confident that if he was restored to his kingdom we should soon hear the last of troubles in Zululand. The Zulus were supposed to be longing for his return; and England was assured that, if they had him among them again, their only sentiment would be gratitude to this country for sending him back. These pleasant anticipations have not been realised. Zululand has been in difficulties ever since Cetewayo reached his "capital," and now he has sustained a very serious defeat, and has either been killed or taken prisoner. According to some of his friends, his perplexities are due to the fact that many Zulus in Northern Zululand who have been placed under Usibepu are hostile to Usibepu's authority; but if this be true, it is not easy to understand how the troublesome chief contrives to make himself so formidable. In any case it is a little too much to expect that England will undertake to intervene for the purpose of re-establishing order in this distracted community. The present settlement was arrived at after careful consideration; and the chances are that an attempt to effect a new settlement would lead to fresh mistakes. In Natal the general opinion appears to be that annexation is the only effectual solution; and perhaps, in the end annexation would be best both for the Zulus and our own colonies. But England is certainly not in the mood at present for so heroic a remedy. We could not occupy Zululand without a struggle; and the associations with recent wars in South Africa are so dismal that no one would look forward with satisfaction to another conflict. The Zulus must, therefore, fight out their quarrels among themselves, checked only by

the possibility that the South African States will one day combine to impose terms on all disturbers of the peace. It is said that this plan is beginning to find favour among the white population; and the sooner it is accomplished the better pleased everybody in England will be.

BRAVE BILLY COBB!—Mr. William Cobb, known to partial friends as "Billy," may be eminent in the world of sport, but his highly respectable name has not hitherto been frequent in the general mouth. But Mr. Cobb deserves to be well-known for an act of very considerable coolness and courage, whereby he saved a number of lives last week. The Cobden Club boat races were over, and we confess that we never knew before that the Cobden Club did anything but dine at Greenwich. Perhaps the Cobden Rowing Club is a different institution. At all events the steamer *Camellia* was laden with spectators of the aquatic struggle, when she ran foul of the piles which had been recently driven into the bed of the river, for the construction of the new bridge. Here the vessel was wedged, and began to heel over, to the alarm of the people on board, many of them women. Now "Billy Cobb," as he walked along the towing-path, heard the cries of woman in distress. To snatch up a casual pair of sculls, to borrow a boat, and to launch into mid-stream was, to Billy, the work of a moment. He reached the disabled steamer, saw that there would be an ugly rush into his craft, and declared that he would only take off ten at a time, "ladies first." The members of the Rowing Club organised the disembarkation, and Mr. Cobb took eighty-five ladies to shore. He stopped a panic, and probably saved many lives. Bravo, Billy Cobb!

THE ILBERT BILL.—All that could be said in favour of this measure was said at the meeting in Farringdon Street. Some of the arguments sound plausible enough, but on such a subject we would prefer to take the opinion of those Englishmen and Englishwomen who are resident in India, and who therefore may become practically acquainted with the working of the measure as regards their own liberty and property, than of Radical theorists at home, who have an instinctive hatred for everything which savours of class-privilege, and who have a vigorous belief that vote-by-ballot and universal suffrage will cure all political maladies. In itself the Ilbert Bill has a narrow scope, and it is quite possible that within its carefully-guarded limits no such abuses as have been foretold would occur. But the overwhelming *consensus* of Anglo-Indian opinion is against it, because men see plainly that, with such a Government as we have now in power, the Ilbert Bill is merely the forerunner of far more revolutionary changes. Already, in the Presidency towns, where, be it remembered, their decisions are watchfully scanned by European eyes, we have granted to native magistrates jurisdiction over Europeans. We venture to doubt whether this privilege would have been conceded by any other nation of white men. A Frenchman would object to be judged by a Cochinchinese, a Greek by an Egyptian, an American by a Mexican. It is not a question of intellect. Young Bengal can pass examinations which would "stodge" Young England. But Young Bengal has a different moral fibre from ours. In some virtues he undoubtedly excels us, but some of his defects seem especially objectionable to men of Northern European blood, and it is just these defects which, it is feared, might mar the impartiality of his judicial decisions. We cannot agree with Sir Wilfrid Lawson when he says, "The question is whether India is to be governed by the principle of justice or to be held by the sword." The two methods are not necessarily contradictory. India has been held by the sword for many years by us, but we have also striven to govern justly, and have in the main succeeded. To give up the sword at present would be an act of madness. We dare not even venture on it in Ireland, where the people are white men and Christians, and where a large percentage of the population is zealously eager to maintain the Imperial connection. But in India a month of "moral suasion" would suffice to get us our dismissal. A fearful period of anarchy would ensue, and then probably Russia would step in. If any one suffered especially by the change, it would be the educated Bengalees, who are the promoters of the present agitation, but who, being of unwelcome tendencies, would assuredly, when the row began, be kicked about like so many footballs.

LUTHER.—The Germans are resolved to celebrate with splendour the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth. The ceremonies will begin early in August, and will go on at intervals until the 10th of November, when, of course, the popular rejoicings ought to be most enthusiastic, if too much is not made of the occasion in the mean time. It is natural that about such a matter as this the whole Protestant population should be united, and even Catholics may be expected to watch the celebration without jealousy. After the Reformation Popes like Julius II. and Leo X., to say nothing of Alexander VI.—became impossible; and the Church was in every respect more or less thoroughly purified. This the Catholics owe more to Luther than to any reformer "from within;" and some of them have been generous enough to acknowledge their obligations to him. Apart from this, however, Catholics, as well as Protestants in Germany, must admit that Luther, by his translation of the Bible, and by his own vigorous writings, did an almost inestimable service to German literature. He provided it for the first time with an adequate organ of expression, and how great this feat was can be fully realised only by those who have glanced through

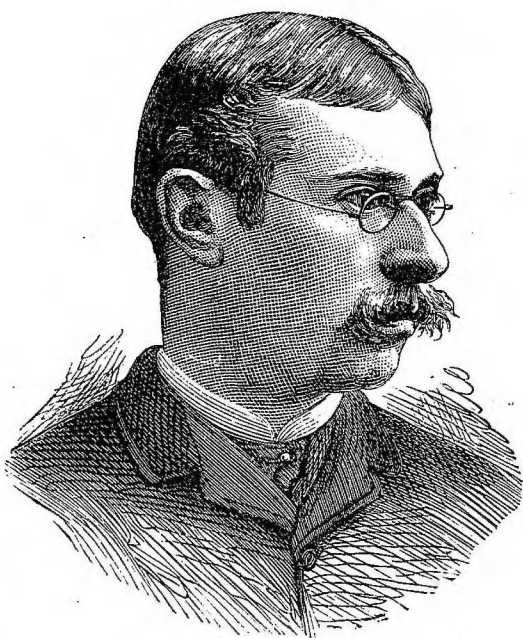
ENGLISH medical men have no belief in cordons, which produce an immensity of misery, and probably aggravate the cholera virus by concentrating it. But to a semi-civilised community like that of Egypt, a cordon commends itself as an excellent safeguard against epidemics. Consequently, the Government of the Khédive have placed military cordons round the villages and towns in which an outbreak has occurred to prevent the egress of infected persons.

Our sketches (which are by Captain G. D. Giles) represent some of the incidents which occurred in the forming of such a cordon with a detachment of the Mounted Cavalry Reserve. The men of this regiment are Turks of the country, and not Egyptians. As the Egyptian Army consists almost entirely of recruits, these arduous duties are assigned to the veterans of the Constabulary and Police.

"The first sketch," says Captain Giles, "is a scene in the refreshment room at the station. Although it was only 8 A.M., the weather was very hot, and, despite the injunctions of the Prophet, the Turkish officers drank curaçoa with great gusto. The second shows the horses being put into the train at Cairo. The doctor in charge of the cordon arrangements was a very stout Egyptian, who had been educated at Edinburgh University. At the moment when his portrait was taken he was in a terrible fume. His telegrams and instructions were being blown away by a strong wind, others were being handed to him, and several villagers were imploring him to let them rejoin their relatives. He literally foamed at the mouth, and 'swore at large;' and in the British tongue, too, which made it more comical.

"In another sketch a soldier is explaining to a thick-headed Egyptian, with the butt-end of his musket, that a cordon, unlike a pie-crust, is not intended to be broken.

"In this instance, as the town was on the banks of the Nile, it could only be guarded by mounted men on three sides. The Governor, however, promised that no one should be allowed to leave. To test his fidelity, some of the officers, disguised as natives, took a boat, and proceeded up the river at night with a view of ascertaining whether they would be allowed to land, or take any one



MR. JEFFERSON LOWNDES
Winner of the Diamond Sculls at Henley Regatta,
Amateur Champion of the Thames



MR. THOMAS CONOLLY PAKENHAM
British Consul in Madagascar,
Died June, 1883

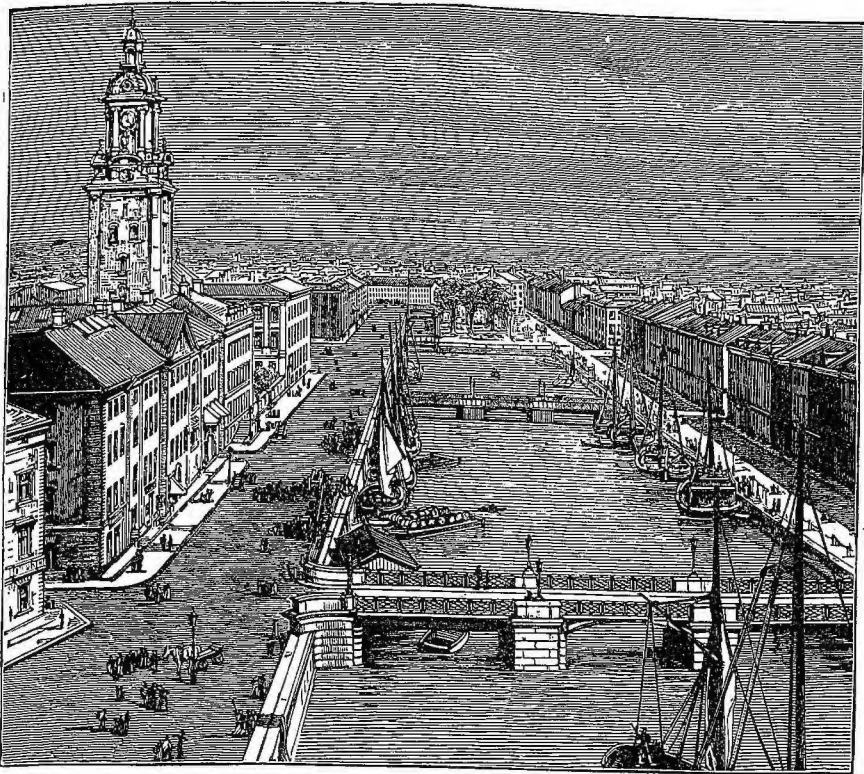


MR. G. A. SHAW
English Missionary in Madagascar,
Said to Have Been Imprisoned by the French

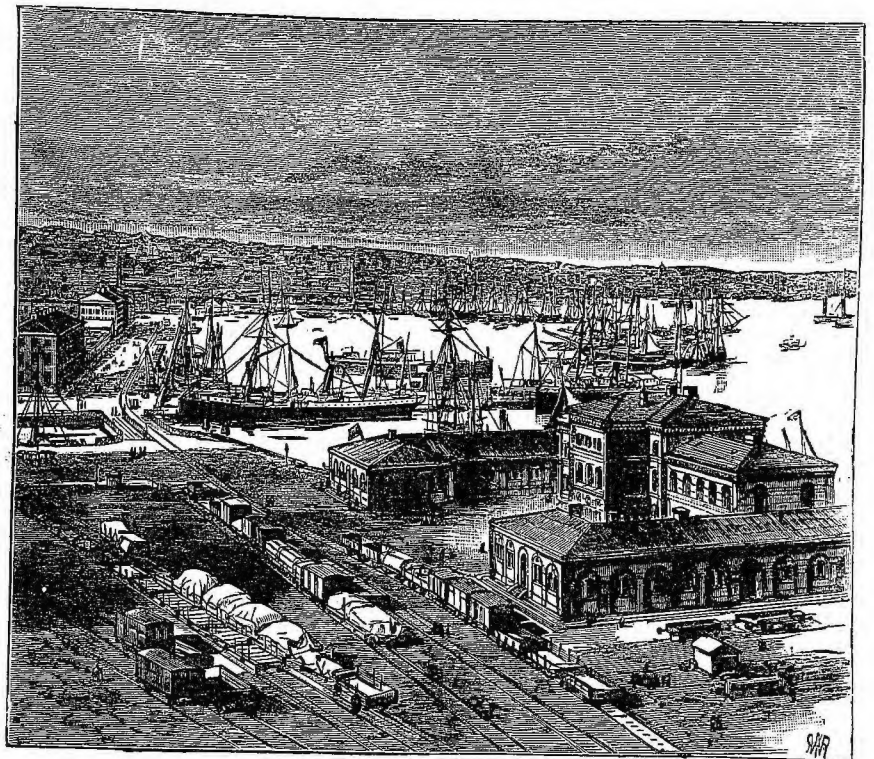


1. Monogram on Old House at Pound's Bridge (No. 5).—2. Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells.—3. Entrance to the Churchyard, Penshurst.—4. Monogram on Brass in the Church, Penshurst.—5. Old Parsonage at Pound's Bridge.—6. Old House with Wooden Porch, Mayfield.—7. "Bearlands," a Farmhouse near Frant.—8. Inside of the Church House, Penshurst.—9. Old Tithe Barn, Now a Hostelry at Speldhurst.

OLD TIMBERED HOUSES IN KENT



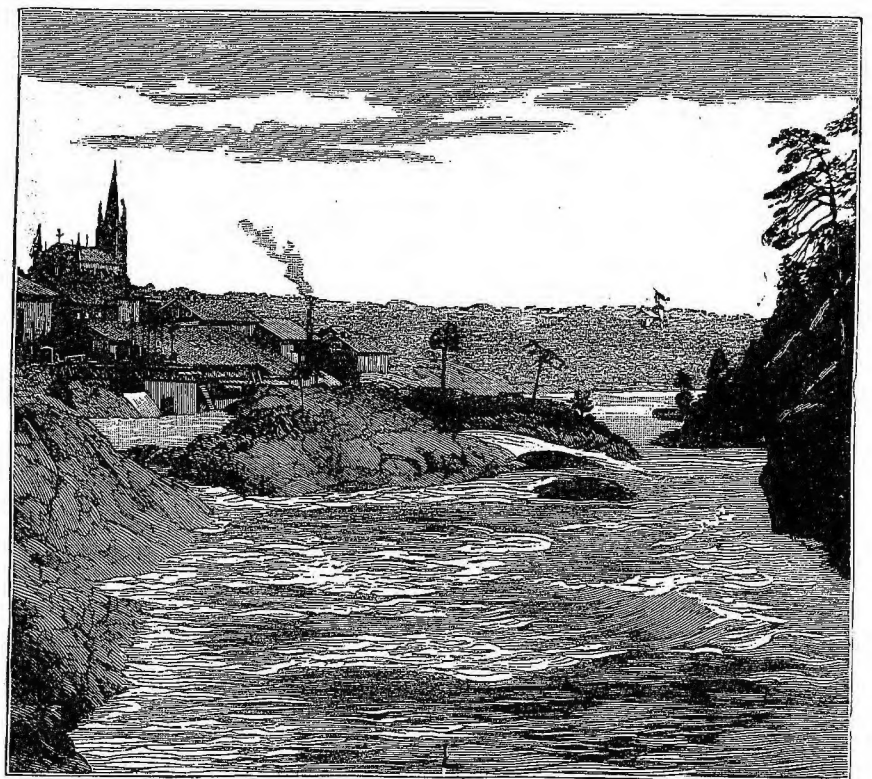
SÖDRA HAMNGATAN, GOTHENBURG



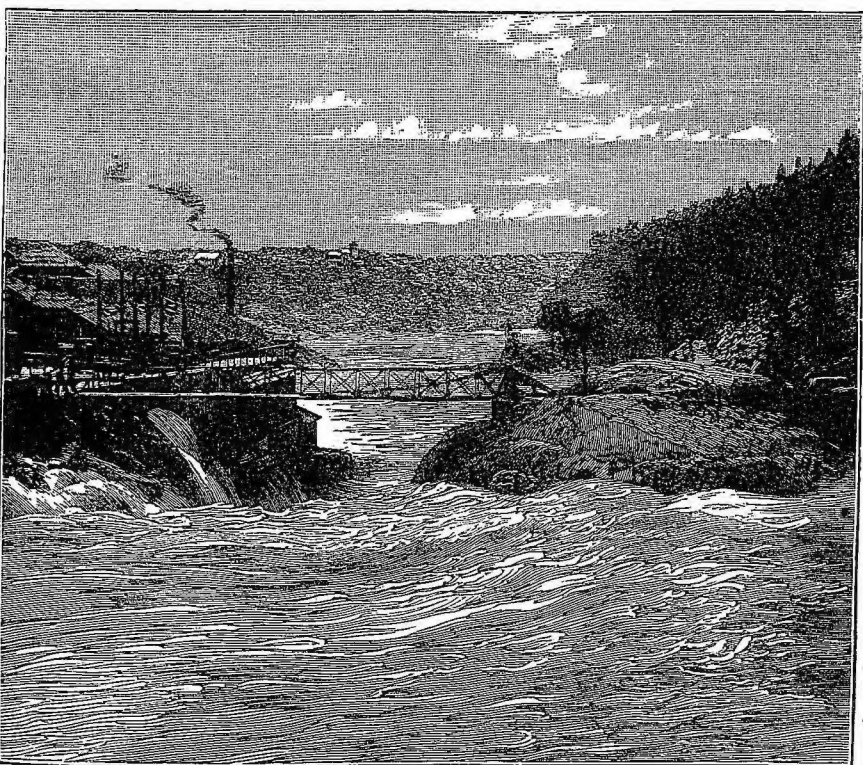
GOTHENBURG HARBOUR



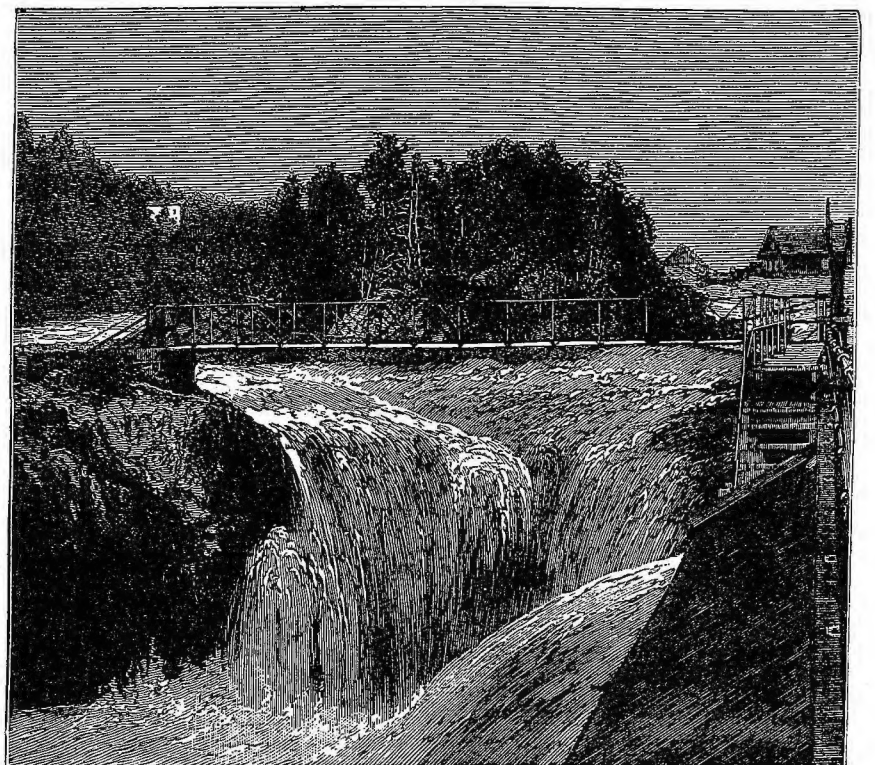
THE FALLS OF TROLHAETTAN, ON THE RIVER GETA-ELF



TOPPÖN, TROLHAETTAN



TOPPÖN BRIDGE, TROLHAETTAN



TOPPÖN FALLS, TROLHAETTAN

away. Unfortunately, some of them burst out laughing, thus revealing who they were, and spoiling the efficacy of the intended test.

"If there is any difficulty in determining how the cholera in Egypt originated, there is none in seeing how, having once been started, there are lots of causes to keep it in activity. Principal among these is the water supply. In the summer months, before the rising of the Nile, many of the canals nearly or quite dry up, and the water in them becomes almost undrinkable; added to this, the villagers, to avoid paying a fine which is imposed upon them for burying any of their cattle which may die of disease, throw them into the canals and rivers. In one of the large canals which crosses the Damietta Railway, and runs close to the town of Samenoudh, which is at present surrounded by the cordon of which I am writing, there was floating the carcass of a huge buffalo; a pariah dog had taken possession of this, and was voyaging along very comfortably, provisioned for some time to come; another dog was looking wistfully from the bank, revolving no doubt in his mind if there wasn't room for him also. Some village people were drawing their drinking water close by with perfect unconcern. The Egyptian doctor, whom I have mentioned above, had not included horsemanship among his other accomplishments. The distances which he had to walk to inspect the cordon were long, and the sun being very hot, he asked that a troop horse might be placed at his disposal. He said he wanted a quiet one, as some time before he had met with a horse accident, which I cannot do better than describe in his own words. 'I once had a very bad horse, you know, sir, and one day he see a horse mare, and become very agitated and afterwards he ran, and I cannot hold to the reins, and did "tump" on the ground, and was near break myself; but I was not too much hurted you know, but still I am too much frightened, and, therefore, I ask you, sir, to give me a quiet horse.' My sketch represents him on the quiet horse about to negotiate one of the little irrigation cuttings of some few inches in breadth, which intersect the fields in Egypt. A successful attempt to escape through the cordon was made by a man from the town. He waited at night till the look-out boat was some distance off, and then started to swim across the river. He was seen when he got half across, and the boat gave chase. A number of shots were fired at him, but the moonlight was not sufficiently clear for very good shooting, and the man got clear away, as, indeed, he deserved to, for it was a long swim, and it is to be hoped that the washing he had in the river thoroughly disinfected him. 'An Unsuccessful Attempt' shows a not equally fortunate individual, who attempting to pass through the line on land has been seized, and, with his hands tied behind his back, thinks—to judge by the expression of his face—that death is in store for him. Keeping him thus tied up for an hour is considered, however, as a sufficient warning for him, and he is then returned to his friends in the town.

"What Was to be Feared" was that men forming the cordon should themselves be assailed by the disease; and one evening a report was brought that one of the men had got cholera, and sure enough there was the poor fellow almost gone, with two of his comrades holding him up on the bank of the river. He had to be sent into the town, and the next morning we heard of his death. Luckily, by being able to move the camp about, the outbreak among the cordon has not been severe. Of course, cholera having appeared among the soldiers, the cordon itself had to be put into quarantine, and 'Our Prison Gate' represents the bridge on the railway, which is the point where we receive all our stores and all our communications with the outer world have to be carried on, and beyond which point we may not pass."

MR. JEFFERSON LOWNDES,

WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS AT HENLEY, AND AMATEUR CHAMPION OF THE THAMES

MR. JEFFERSON LOWNDES, who won the Diamond Sculls at the recent Henley Regatta for the fifth year in succession (an unprecedented feat), was born in January, 1858, and made his first appearance in a race at the Oxford Royal Regatta in 1875, when he rowed in the Vacation R.C. Eight, which won the Grand Challenge Cup. In 1876 he matriculated at Hertford College, Oxford, and during his residence there he often carried his college boat to victory. Amongst his many other victories during the next two years may be mentioned that for the O.U.B.C. Sculls. In 1878 he was second to Edwards-Moss for the Diamonds. In 1879 he won the O.U.B.C. Sculls for the second time, and at Henley in that year he defeated Frank Playford for the Diamonds. Playford, however, beat him afterwards for the Wingfield Sculls over the Putney-Mortlake course. In 1880 Mr. Lowndes repeated his victory for the Diamonds, but was again second only for the championship, Alec Payne this time being successful in lowering his colours. In 1881 Mr. Lowndes for the third time won the Henley trophy, his most dangerous opponent on that occasion being Achilles Wild, of Frankfurt. In this year Mr. Lowndes also won the London Cup and the Amateur Championship. In 1882 he still kept on his victorious career in the Diamonds, but had to row a most desperate race with Lein, the French champion, and was not seen sculling again that year. In the present year Mr. Lowndes, for the fifth time, won the Diamonds, amidst a scene of great excitement, as the German, Wild, was reported to be a flyer, and international feeling ran very high. Mr. Lowndes, however, maintained the reputation of amateur sculling in England, winning easily by ten lengths. Mr. Lowndes also won the London Cup, and rowed No. 6 in the winning Twickenham Eight at the Metropolitan Regatta on the 10th inst., and finally, on the following Friday, he rowed over for the Championship, having beaten (either directly or indirectly) all probable competitors for that race. We believe that Mr. Lowndes now retires from active rowing, the only thing likely to bring him out again next year being the foreign entries for Henley.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Winter, of Derby.

THE LATE CONSUL PAKENHAM

THOMAS CONOLLY PAKENHAM, lately British Consul in Madagascar, whose death took place during the bombardment of Tamatave by the French forces, belonged to a junior branch of the family of the Earls of Longford. His father was Admiral Pakenham, and his maternal grandfather was Admiral Sir Home Popham, who commanded the fleet at Buenos Ayres. Mr. Pakenham was born March 21st, 1825, was originally an officer in the 15th Hussars, was appointed District Clerk at Port Louis, Mauritius, under the Colonial Office, in 1857, Clerk to the Chief Judge a few months later, and Curator of Vacant Estates in 1859. He was for some time Acting-Consul at Réunion, and was appointed by Earl Russell Consul in the Island of Madagascar in 1862, where he was also Swedish and Norwegian Consul. Just before his death he had been gazetted Consul-General in Odessa. His post in Madagascar was one of considerable difficulty, yet he always gave satisfaction at the Foreign Office.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

MR. G. A. SHAW

MR. GEORGE ANDREW SHAW is a native of London, and was born rather more than forty years ago. He was trained at the College of the British and Foreign School Society, Borough Road, where, as well as at the Science and Art Classes, South Kensington, he gained valuable distinctions. For a short time he was master of a school at Wilmslow, Cheshire, but in 1868 he accepted from the London Missionary Society an educational appointment in Samoa, South Pacific. Finding, however, that a professional schoolmaster

was scarcely required there, the Society, in 1871, requested Mr. Shaw to become Superintendent of Education in the Betsileo Province, South Central Madagascar, where, amongst a population of half-a-million, mission work had been recently developed. In 1878 Mr. Shaw came home on furlough, and on returning to Madagascar in 1880 accepted an earnest invitation to remove to the difficult and unhealthy station of Tamatave, for which, by his circumstances and acquirements, he seemed peculiarly fitted. The result has fully justified the appointment. Mr. Shaw is remarkable for his versatility. He is not a "parson," but he superintends every department of mission work—religious and educational, medical and mechanical, including the erection of schools and churches—with equal facility and zeal. He is a member of the Zoological Society and a correspondent of the Meteorological Society, to which he has regularly furnished observations carefully taken at Tamatave. His arrest was a surprise to his friends, especially as they knew the moderation of his opinions and the sobriety of his demeanour. But the London Missionary Society has always been known as friendly to the Queen of Madagascar, and it is significant that Mr. Shaw was not only the sole representative of that Society on the East Coast of Madagascar, but also the very first whom the French Admiral met with on his present enterprise. Mrs. Shaw, who had come home broken down in health a year and a half ago, was returning in the s.s. *Taymouth Castle*. On arriving at Tamatave she would doubtless hear that her husband was in prison, and that, in spite of their long separation, she would be unable to see him, for the passengers were forbidden to land, and had to be taken back at once to Mauritius.—Our portrait is from a photograph by T. C. Turner, Upper Street, Islington.

OLD BLACK AND WHITE HOUSES IN KENT, NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS

CHESHIRE is celebrated for its black and white timber-houses, in which this system of construction is carried to the greatest length, and the designs are most elaborate. Kent, however, is rich in more modest examples of the sixteenth-century work, and "Pound's Bridge" in the centre illustration is particularly interesting and to the point, as its chief marking, date, and monogram are verified by a small brass in the parish church of Penshurst. Pound's Bridge is near Penshurst, so closely associated with the name of Sir Philip Sidney, and full of interesting relics, even to good match-locks and genuine old armour, and fire dogs of immense size in the grand old hall. The House at Pound's Bridge was the Parson's House, as shown by the date, "A.D., 1593, W.D.," and corroborated by the small long brass in the parish church of Penshurst, of which the following is a true copy:—

Here lyeth Wyllim Darkenoll, Parson of this Place,
Endyng His Ministeri even this year of Grace (1596).
His father and mother, and wyves two by name,
80 88 50 & 67
John, Joan, and two Margarets all lyved in good fame.
Their several ages, who lyketh to knowe,
Over each of their names the figures doe shewe
The sonnes and daughters now spronge of this race
Are fyve score and od in every place.
As Christ is life to me Blessed are they truly
So death my gain shall be. That in the Lord doe dye.

The old house now is known as the "King's Arms," and as the passer-by looks at the old monogram and date, his eye will be attracted to a board, with the words, "Fine Ales and Porter."

Let us now approach the Church of Penshurst. The old entrance is under a wooden house, which serves as a lych gate, and on the north or churchyard side is prominently placed the text, "My flesh shall rest in hope." The large barge boards on the north side are very picturesque, and on both sides these houses give a delightful idea of a Kentish village in the sixteenth century. There is a village near Penshurst of great interest—the houses are nearly all of the same date; but we must keep to our text and our illustrations.

"Mayfield."—This village is beautifully situated on a hill, and on the summit is the spot where tradition points to the tongs with which St. Dunstan caught the Devil by the nose, when he intruded to tempt the Saint. Some years ago these relics were shown by a good woman in charge of the ruins of Mayfield Abbey, with its grand arches of immense span; now all is changed, and the Abbey restored and become a convent, with a Lady Superior. Still the tongs may yet be seen. The Porch, in the illustration, is part of a private house in the main street of the village.

"Speldhurst" is a very large parish, and the old timber house shown was originally the old Tithe Barn, with a large arched roof, supported by immense timbers which would astonish the contractors of the present. The oak is so hard that it will turn a chisel even now. This house is now the hostelry known as the "St. George and the Dragon." Old Speldhurst Church was burnt down about eighty years ago, when many interesting monuments were destroyed. The Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at the Battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415, was long in captivity near here, and took great interest in the Church of Speldhurst. The arms of France are still over the porch of the church, having been saved from the fire.

"Tunbridge Wells" Parade.—This delightful promenade is a good specimen of the last century. The oldest house is now doomed, with its fine old staircase, bow window, and flat red roof. We can only hope that the same character will be retained in the new building.

ROBERT TAYLOR PRITCHETT

GOTHENBURG AND THE TROLLHÄTTAN FALLS

GOTHENBURG, on the river Göta-Elf, about ten miles from the sea, is, next to Stockholm, the most considerable trading town in Sweden, and has various manufactures of sail-cloth, cotton-spinning, iron-founding, sugar-refining, breweries, and tobacco works. The present population is about 80,000. A large trade is carried on with England, France, Holland, Denmark, Germany, &c. The town is regularly built (the Exchange is one of the finest edifices of the kind in Europe), and is intersected by several canals.

The climate is fine and healthy, and, on account of the dryness of the air and the absence of clouds in winter, the cold is not felt so much as in London or Paris.

The Wener is the largest lake in Europe, next to that of Ladoga. It receives many streams, the only natural outlet for its waters being a channel about 200 yards in width, immediately below which is the famous cataract of Trollhättan. Though in parts very deep, a great portion of this lake is so shallow as to render its navigation difficult and dangerous. The river Göta is made navigable to Lake Wener by the aid of an artificial cut, which avoids the Falls of Trollhättan.

ROYAL FÊTE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

SOME weeks ago attention was called in these columns to the remarkable fact that in Berlin alone, of all large Continental cities, there was no English church. The Crown Princess of Prussia (our Princess Royal we may still call her) set to work with characteristic energy to supply the deficiency; she enlisted the active services of her Royal brothers and sisters, and other relatives, and the result of their united exertions was that, on the evening of Wednesday, July 18, a fete of extraordinary brilliancy and attractiveness was held in the grounds and buildings of the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington. The *raison d'être* of the fete was, of course, the erection and endowment of an English church in Berlin; but it is no secret that numbers of the visitors, whose presence made the enterprise such a success, went as a personal compliment to the Crown Princess.

The attractions provided consisted of a huge fancy bazaar, while the grounds and buildings of the Fish Show were turned into a

grand fair, gay with Chinese lanterns, electric and coloured lights, bands of music, play-acting, &c., open to all comers at ten shillings a head.

Thus organised, the fete drew many thousands of people, who, from 9 till 11 P.M., poured in a continuous stream.

The weather being most favourable, the scene in the grounds was of rare beauty. Thousands of multi-coloured lamps were picturesquely disposed; while on the ornamental waters boats and boatmen glided to and fro, looking like the creatures of a dream. This water-scene was as pretty as a Venetian gala.

Within doors the crowd had the pleasure of seeing high-born and titled ladies selling fancy goods, and even dispensing refreshments with their fair hands to all and sundry.

The great centre of interest was, of course, the stall presided over by the Princess of Wales. This was devoted to the sale of flowers, chiefly roses, in basket, bouquet, and "button-hole" form. The Princess took her place in the centre of her bevy of ladies as the business began, "button-holes" fetching five shillings and bouquets a guinea a piece.

Next to the stall of the Princess of Wales the Chinese Tea House, presided over by the Marchioness Tseng, wife of the Chinese Ambassador, was perhaps the most sought-after spectacle of the evening. It consisted of a tent, beautifully decorated and illuminated in Chinese style, where visitors were waited on by Chinese servants, and regaled with tea and Chinese cakes prepared by the cooks of the Embassy. The Marchioness Tseng was accompanied by her two young daughters.

Another novelty was a tank, transformed for the time being into a fancy goods emporium. Visitors were provided with hooks and lines, and fished for prizes. This entertainment was very popular.

The pyrotechnic arrangements were organised by Mr. James Pain.

WEST AFRICAN SKETCHES

NORTH of the great river Zaire or Congo there are situated on the coast three native kingdoms, Loango, Kabinda or Kabenda, and Kokongo. The first of these is the most powerful, and has from time to time exercised supreme authority over the others. The rulers of these native States are priest-elected kings, mere tools in the hands of the fetish ministers. The negroes of this coast region are usually of small size, with weak bodies.

Kinsembo, or Quissembo, is a port in the Portuguese territory, and is one of the chief centres of the ivory trade. A large number of ground-nuts, which are exported to Europe to be crushed for the oil they contain, are also produced in this neighbourhood.

Proceeding northwards along the coast, the traveller comes to the estuaries of the Old Calabar and Cameroons Rivers, which are termed the Oil Rivers, since by them the enormous supply of palm oil is brought down to the coast to be shipped in large steamers for Liverpool and Glasgow. Bonny, for three hundred years a noted slave-mart, is a very unhealthy place, situated amid rank vegetation at the mouth of a river. The European traders cannot reside in the town or on the beach, but live on board hulks like exaggerated Noah's Arks, which are moored in the current of the river. In contrast to the low mangrove swamps of the coast rises the Cameroons Mountain, like a gigantic pyramid, upwards of 13,000 feet high.

The Republic of Liberia, which lies along the coast further to the westward, was founded in 1816 for the purpose of restoring to their native soil American slaves who had obtained their freedom. The experiment has, on the whole, been disappointing, as the American negroes, in place of civilising the natives, have rather relapsed into barbarism. Still, there are bright exceptions. Monrovia, the capital, is pleasantly situated on the rising ground of the coast. Most of the hard work of the colony is done by the Kroos, a sturdy race, much esteemed on the coast for their industrial qualities.

The British colony of Sierra Leone, first settled in 1787, lies to the north-west of Liberia. To the eyes of a new comer the peninsula of the "Lion Hill," with its hills rising 2,500 feet high, and covered with tropical vegetation, appears a perfect paradise, but the climate, partly owing to the want of proper drainage, is very fatal to Europeans.

Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. H. H. Johnston.

KING CACOBAN'S FUNERAL

IN our issue of March 3rd last (No. 692) we published a portrait of the ex-King of the Fiji Islands, Cacoban, or Thakombau, who had then recently died. Growing weary of perpetual feuds and fighting, Cacoban had offered to surrender his Sovereignty to Great Britain as early as 1859; but the offer was not accepted until 1874, when he retired into private life on a pension of 1,500*l.* a year, being also provided with a yacht.

Our engraving, which is from a photograph sent by Mr. John W. Waters, of Levuka, represents Cacoban's coffin at the grave on the hill in Bau. This locality, by the way, was the chief scene of the exploits of those twenty-seven desperadoes who, escaping from New South Wales in 1804, for thirty years, until they were all killed and eaten, exercised a remarkable sway over the cannibals.

The chief mourner at the funeral was Katu Timoci, and he is awaiting the arrival of the Governor and officers of the *Miranda*. The remains were preserved in lime. The coffin was very heavy; it took fifty men to lift it. Valuable mats from Rotuma and Samoa were placed under the coffin.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING

THE only event of much interest at the end of last week was the International Match, between the United Kingdom and America, which was won by the former with forty-five points in hand. This was a considerable reduction on the 171 points by which our Twelve won at Creedmoor, and no doubt next year it will be a very even match. At the short ranges, indeed, our visitors held a lead, but they went to pieces at 1,000 yards, as did also some of our best shots, notably Major Young, who shot so magnificently for the Elcho Shield two days before. The best shooting for England was done by Private Wattleworth, 5th Lancashire, who scored 180 out of a possible 210, and Private Gibbs, 1st Gloucester, 176; while for America S. J. Scott, with 173, showed the best form. On Saturday the Duchess of Teck gave away the prizes, and enthusiastic cheering was given to the Americans, Canadians, the British twelve, the Queen's Prizeman, and the veteran McVittie. On Tuesday the Lord Mayor entertained the American and Canadian teams at luncheon in the Mansion House.

On Wednesday the American rifle team were entertained at dinner by the Volunteers of Great Britain, Sir Henry Hallford occupying the chair. Our illustrations give their portraits. Their names are as follows:—Colonel Howard (the captain), Colonel Shakespeare, Mr. F. Alder, Mr. F. J. Rabbeth, Mr. F. Stuart, who were not in the Twelve. The Twelve were Mr. W. L. Cash, Mr. J. Paulding, Mr. J. M. Pollard, Mr. A. B. Van Heusen, Mr. M. W. Bull, Dr. Scott, Lieutenant Scott, Mr. T. J. Dolan, Mr. J. Smith, Mr. C. W. Hinman, Mr. G. Joiner, and Mr. J. H. Brown. Our other portraits are those of Sergeant Mackay, 1st Sutherland, the Queen's Prizeman, and of Private Patterson; 2nd Renfrew, winner of the Grand Aggregate. The prizes shown in our sketches are the bronze figure of Fortuna, won by the British Team at Creedmoor last year; the Winans Cup, for shooting at the Running Deer, won by Mr. Stuart-Wortley; and the Koosh Cup, for competition amongst the American Team.

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY, by W. E. Norris, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 97.

SKETCHES AT HER MAJESTY'S MINT, TOWER HILL

See page 99.



THE PROVISIONAL SUEZ CANAL ARRANGEMENTS have been dropped, owing to the opposition which they have received all over England. A meeting was held at Birmingham on Monday, at which a resolution was passed expressing confidence that the Government would secure all the advantages which could be obtained for this country in any further negotiations. The Leaders of the Conservatives held a meeting on Tuesday, at which it was decided to question the exclusive right of M. de Lesseps to pierce the Isthmus of Suez.

SIR JOHN PHEAR, late Judge of the High Court, Calcutta, presided, on Monday, at a meeting in support of Lord Ripon's Indian policy, held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. Letters were read from the Duke of Argyll, Lord Lawrence, Lord Northbrook, and others who were unable to be present, expressing approval of the Ilbert Bill, and the following resolutions were carried unanimously:—Mr. Thorold Rogers moved: "That whenever a native of India has shown such moral and intellectual qualities as are implied by the fact of his having attained to high judicial office, he is entitled to exercise the same powers as an English officer holding a similar position;" Mr. Bryce, M.P., moved: "That the extension of local self-government in India is a step called for by the increasing needs of the country, and the necessity of economical administration;" and Sir Wilfrid Lawson moved the final resolution as follows: "That this meeting do express its hearty approval of the wise and just conduct of Lord Ripon and his colleagues, and appeal to the English people to support a ruler who has shown himself so loyal to the interests alike of England and India."

SIR RICHARD CROSS, M.P., AND MR. W. H. SMITH, M.P., were the principal guests at the inaugural dinner of the Henley Conservative Association on Wednesday. Mr. W. H. Smith, in returning thanks for the House of Commons, said that the last election had returned a seemingly powerful Radical Government, which had promised much and essayed much, but done extremely little. They had undertaken to reverse the policy of the late Administration; but in several instances they had endorsed it, as, for instance, in subsidising the Ameer of Afghanistan. They had passed the most severe Coercion Act of the present century, after undertaking to settle the Irish difficulty in a peaceable manner. With reference to the new Suez Canal scheme, he said that the Suez Canal Company was only a commercial association; but that England was the trustee of Egypt, and must see that the claims of Egypt were recognised. Sir Richard Cross referred to the action of the Government in sending Cetewayo back, and so renewing bloodshed in Zululand; and severely criticised their action with regard to Mr. Bradlaugh.

LORD GRANVILLE, speaking at the Annual Meeting of the City Liberal Club, said that the good feeling between France and England had been steadily growing for the last fifty years, and that a good understanding prevailed between England and all the other European nations. On the Suez Canal question he spoke of the moderate spirit of the utterances both of Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote in the House of Commons, and said that he believed that the fullest inquiry into the subject would tend to clear up the misunderstandings which existed in some quarters.

THE GREAT EASTERN ROUTE TO THE CONTINENT.—On Saturday last, the latest addition to the Great Eastern Company's fine fleet proceeded on her trial trip, starting from the Company's new and commodious quay at Parkston. The result of this trip gave entire satisfaction to the officials and the friends who accompanied them. The new ship, the *Norwich*, is a screw steamer. She is constructed in three water-tight compartments, and is 260 ft. long by 31 ft. beam, with 15 ft. depth of hold. The first-class accommodation is arranged amidships and forward of the engines, thus avoiding any discomfort arising from the vibration of the screw. A large and elegant dining saloon, ladies' saloon, state cabins and berths, separate cabins, and most indispensable smoking rooms, all lit by Swan's incandescent electric lamps, and handsomely fitted and upholstered, go to make up some of the comforts of travel on this luxurious vessel. During her trial the net speed attained, allowing for tide, was 15½ knots, and with moderate sea and thundery weather but little motion was detected. The recent opening up of the Great Eastern with the North and West of England by their new connexion at Doncaster should prove advantageous both to the Company and the public, as, instead of reaching the Continent by London or Hull, passengers from the North can now travel to Antwerp in very much superior vessels, at less cost both of time and money, another advantage being that the ships always wait the arrival of the train, a consideration of no small moment when one reflects on the inconvenience often experienced on other routes which are dependent on the state of the tide.

The "DAPHNE" has been completely floated, and now lies outside the Govan Dock. The number of bodies discovered is 124, and it is believed that this is the total number of those drowned in the disaster.

THE IRISH LAND COMMISSIONERS issued on Tuesday their reply to the Fourth Report of the Lords' Committee on the Land Act. They deny that they gave any definite instructions to the Sub-Commissioners on the subject of settling judicial rents, the latter being as free from their control as the County Court. They also assert that a mere arithmetical process was not followed, and that the figures which seemed to justify such an idea in the case of certain rents were accidental, and finish by saying that the Lords' Committee have by investigating their judicial decisions acted unconstitutionally. The fourteen men charged with complicity in the murder of Mrs. Smythe, of Barbavilla, were on Tuesday committed for trial. At Cork Lord Justice Barry has sentenced several "Moonlighters" to terms of imprisonment varying from two years to six months. Arrangements are being made to contest in Mr. Parnell's interest the County and City of Armagh, Newry County, the City of Londonderry, Dungarvan, and Donegal. Mr. Parnell will probably contest a Northern seat.—Great sufferings were endured by a party of assisted emigrants, who, not being allowed to embark at Glasgow for America, managed to return to Ireland, and walked from Derry to Enniskillen almost starving, and sleeping in the open air at night.—James Carey, before leaving England, completely changed his appearance, having cut off his beard and dyed his hair. According to the *Irish Times*, the Government has received a telegram from him, announcing his safe arrival in his colonial retreat.

AT MONKWEARMOUTH, on Monday, a meeting was held of persons whose children had been killed in the disaster at the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, in order to provide that the money collected by the Relief Fund might be distributed in an equitable manner. The chairman said the Relief Committee had not done their work satis-

factorily, and that in several cases the funeral and other expenses had not been paid for. The amount expended by the Committee in the relief of distress was 533*l*. 17*s*. 6*d*.

THE FIRE BRIGADE HEAD-QUARTERS, Southwark Bridge Road, were quite *en fête* on Tuesday, when the Prince and Princess of Wales inspected them. All the means of putting out a fire and of saving life were shown, and experiments were made with Captain Shaw's newly-invented theatre curtain. Then a gallop past of all the engines caused much admiration. The Prince said that he had seen all the fire brigades in Europe, but that none were equal to what he had just witnessed.

THE DUKE OF ALBANY paid a visit to Marlborough on Monday, and met with a most enthusiastic welcome. He received an address from the Corporation, and afterwards attended the distribution of prizes in the College, where he was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bell.

M. WADDINGTON, the new French Ambassador, arrived in London on Monday. A large number of Frenchmen met him at Charing Cross, and cheered him heartily.

THE GAZETTE of Tuesday announced the appointment of Sir Auckland Colvin as an ordinary member of the Council of the Governor-General of India; of the Hon. Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon as Governor of Ceylon; and of Sir Anthony Musgrave as Governor of Queensland. The Queen has conferred baronetcies on Dr. Andrew Clark and Mr. Prescott Hewett.

THE EVENING OPENING OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM has virtually been decided on by the Trustees. So soon as satisfactory arrangements have been made for using the electric light in the Museum district, Government will be asked to provide the necessary increase of funds.

THE ROYAL CAMBRIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS is now holding its second annual exhibition at Bangor, and the collection is far superior to the inaugural display last summer. Next year the exhibition will take place at Cardiff.

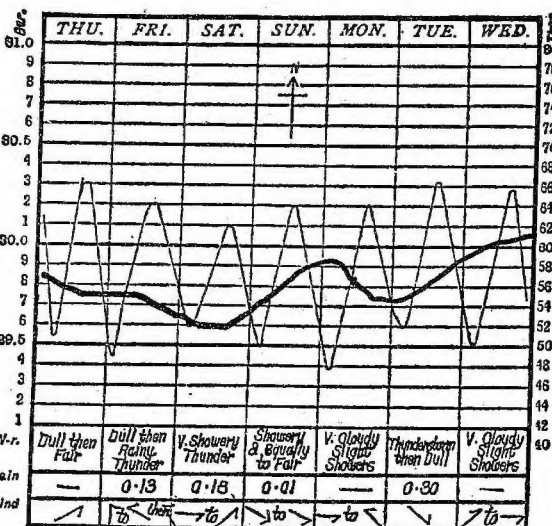
THE WEEK'S OBITUARY includes the names of Lord Louth and of Professor Birks, who died at Cambridge, aged 72. He graduated in 1834 as Second Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman. In 1872 he was appointed Knightsbridge Professor of Moral Theology and Philosophy.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL issued his twenty-ninth annual report on Wednesday. The estimated number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom during the twelve months was 1,280,636,200, an increase of 4·2 per cent.; post-cards, 144,016,200, an increase of 6·4 per cent.; book-packets and circulars, 288,206,400, an increase of 6·3 per cent.; and newspapers, 140,682,600, being slightly less than last year. The average number of letters per head in the United Kingdom was 36. In the United States, which is the second country in this respect, the number was 21. The number of established officers of the Department was 44,600, an increase of 1,495; among these were 2,561 females. It is noteworthy that during the year a female medical officer was, for the first time, appointed to take charge of the female staff at the General Post Office. Nearly 14 million extra letters and packets were dealt with in the Central Office during Christmas week, including 3 tons of registered letters. 26,293 letters were posted without address, and of this number, 1,604 contained cash and cheques amounting to 6,016*l*. The lately introduced reply post-cards have not been used very largely.

LONDON MORTALITY increased again last week, and the deaths numbered 1,781 against 1,736 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 45, and 87 above the average, while the death-rate further increased to 23·5 per 1,000. The usual summer epidemic of diarrhoea and dysentery continues, and the deaths reached 351, an increase of 74, and 75 above the average, while 296 of these cases were infants under one year of age. This malady, moreover, was three times as fatal in London as in provincial towns. There were 77 deaths from measles (a rise of 7), 32 from scarlet fever (an increase of 2), 28 from whooping-cough (a fall of 3), 21 from diphtheria (a decline of 5), 10 from enteric fever (a fall of 3), 7 from simple cholera (a decline of 8), and 1 from typhus. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs decreased to 179 from 195, and were 6 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 71 deaths, of which 53 resulted from negligence or accident. Seventeen cases of suicide occurred. There were 2,559 births registered against 2,534 in the previous return, being 43 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 56·0 deg., and no less than 7·3 deg. below the average.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JULY 19 TO JULY 25 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has again been changeable and unseasonable, with much cloud, and rainfall above the average. Depressions have prevailed over our islands throughout the whole week, while the barometer in London has not changed much. On Thursday (19th inst.), with the mercury rather inclined to fall, changeable weather was experienced, and light breezes blew from the westward. Friday (20th inst.) found a small depression off the mouth of the Channel, and more unsettled weather again prevailed, rain falling, and some thunder occurring in the afternoon. A large area of low pressure lay over England on Saturday (21st inst.), the resulting weather being showery, with thunder. This depression had reached the North Sea by Sunday (22nd inst.), squally weather and heavy clouds prevailing nearly all day. Monday (23rd inst.) found a shallow disturbance near South Wales, and more heavy clouds, with a thunderstorm at night, were experienced. On Tuesday and Wednesday (24th and 25th inst.) the barometer rose steadily, and although the sky was very cloudy, still the weather, on the whole, was an improvement on that of preceding days. Temperature has been decidedly low for the time of year. The barometer was highest (30·04 inches) on Wednesday (25th inst.); lowest (29·60 inches) on Saturday (21st inst.); range, 0·44 inches. Temperature was highest (66°) on Thursday (19th inst.) and Tuesday (24th inst.); lowest (48°) on Monday (23rd inst.); range, 18°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0·62 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0·30 inch, on Tuesday (24th inst.).



HANSOM CABS are coming greatly into favour in the United States. They have been introduced in Washington, and are largely patronised, so that their number is to be increased.

THE SITE FOR THE PROPOSED BRITISH SCHOOL OF ART AT ATHENS will be given by the Greek Government, who have promised as much ground as may be required for the necessary buildings.

SMOKING AMONGST AMERICAN CHILDREN has reached such a pitch that the State of New Jersey has passed a law forbidding cigarettes and tobacco in any form to be sold to persons under sixteen years of age.

PAINTED AND EMBROIDERED BIRDS are reproduced in life-size on the most fashionable French seaside dresses this autumn. The favourite birds are either partridges worked in relief, and the feathers accurately represented; or the national cock painted on a bright red ground.

A CHOLERA TOPICAL DITTY has been composed by the Paris Socialists, expressing the amiable hope that the dread malady may rid them of those vampires, the Parisian landlords. The Anarchists have evidently forgotten the old saying that curses, like young chickens, come home to roost.

A SUCCESSFUL ALPINE TRIP ON A TRICYCLE has been made by a member of a London bicycle club. Starting from Lucerne, the tricyclist, in a week's time, skirted the lake of the Four Cantons and Lake Zug, crossed the St. Gothard Pass, the Furka, and the Simplon, and passed through the Italian Alps to Locarno, on Lake Maggiore.

THE KING OF THE NETHERLANDS' PRIZE CUP, which is to be contested at the coming Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, bears the arms of Orange and the Netherlands, enamelled in colours, and resting on a *jarretière*, with the motto, "Je maintiendrai." A female figure, riding the waves in a triumphal car, surmounts the cup, which is borne by a Triton rising from the sea. The name of the squadron is enamelled round the edge, and a suitable inscription is engraved inside the lid; while the pedestal is ornamented with two shields, to contain the date and the name of the winner.

BOMBARDING LIQUOR-SHOPS is now the chief occupation of the Salvation Army in Calcutta. The siege is carried on very quietly, as any great Salvationist excitement brings the Army into trouble with the authorities. Soldiers walk up and down in front of the shop night and day, seizing on all intending customers and entreating them not to drink, generally with success. In one case the bombardment has gone on for a week, and large crowds assemble every evening to watch the fun. The proprietor of the liquor shop finds his business so diminishing that he contemplates moving off altogether.

THE QUESTION OF MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER greatly perplexed Germany in the time of Frederick the Great. The Teutonic Clergy refused to sanction all such unions, so one couple in Magdeburg, who could not induce the Consistory of the town to consent to their marriage, finally appealed to the King. Frederick solved the difficulty in his usual brusque fashion, writing on the margin of the petition "The Consistory are asses, I as Bishop of Magdeburg and Vicar of Christ command that these two be joined in wedlock." After this the loving couple had no further trouble to find an accommodating priest.

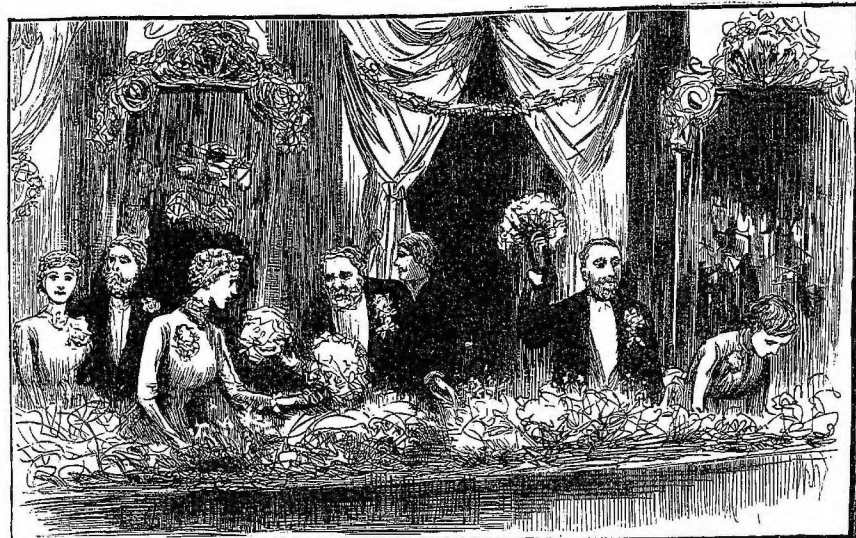
AN EXCITING NEWSPAPER RACE of 180 miles was recently run from New York to Saratoga. Both the *New York Herald* and the *Tribune* were anxious for the honour of being first with their Sunday Edition, and the *Tribune* won the day by an elaborate series of arrangements. The journal was first sent by special train to a certain point, the train going at such lightning speed that the men had to fold and tie up the paper kneeling, in order to avoid being upset by the swaying of the car. A pony express at thirteen miles an hour next carried the *Tribune* to the outskirts of Saratoga, where a picket line of newsboys passed it into the heart of the town. The unfortunate horses were driven so hard that it was necessary to bathe them with rum and walk them about for an hour before allowing them to rest.

COREA, hitherto so jealously guarded from prying foreign eyes, has given a gracious welcome to the first American Minister to the Korean Kingdom, and the Minister has sent home an interesting account of his arrival at Seoul, the capital. Though the chief highway of the kingdom, the road to Seoul is a mere narrow path, bordered by numerous villages of rude stone and mud huts with thatched roofs. The neighbouring valleys are well cultivated, fields of rice, wheat, and millet abounding, while the chief trees are willows and a few fir-groves. The Koreans crowded the road to see the stranger, "a stalwart race of mixed Mongolian characteristics, wearing white cotton cloth robes, and queer conical horsehair hats." Seoul itself is not much more imposing than the villages, as the streets are mostly narrow, and the houses are modest one-storey mud buildings. Four handsome gateways are the chief features of the town.

ON SATURDAY, at the London Academy of Music, St. George's Hall, the medals and certificates awarded at the annual examinations of the Academy were presented by Sir Julius Benedict to the successful pupils, in the presence of the professors and students and a large company of their friends, and others interested in musical education. The awards were numerous, especially in the ladies' department of the Academy. The diploma of Associate, which is bestowed on the most distinguished pupil of the year, was presented to Miss E. Evans. Sir Julius, in acknowledging a vote of thanks, complimented the principal, Dr. Wylde, on the progress of the pupils and the quality of their work, as shown by the results of the examinations, and on the high position maintained by the Academy among the metropolitan schools of music. Part of the evening's proceedings consisted of a musical performance by pupils of the Academy, including Miss Stevenson and Miss Ullithorne, amateurs, and Miss A. Dinelli, a talented young violinist, and of a recitation by Miss A. Giles, also a pupil.

THE LAND NOW OWNED BY THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY amounts to rather over 6,000 acres, according to a daily contemporary, and may be roughly described as representing a width on both sides about as great as the Canal itself. In two places the width considerably increases, with a view to planting trees in order to stop the sand invading the Canal. Originally a much larger quantity of ground was conceded, but the Company found the present space sufficient, and sold their rights to the Egyptian Government. This land was intended for buildings connected with the Canal, for houses and gardens for the officials, and for cultivation necessary to prevent any encroachment of the sand. It is evident, therefore, that, though the present Canal might be widened within their own property, the Company will hardly find space for an entirely fresh water-way without obtaining further land, notwithstanding M. de Lesseps' declarations to the contrary. Respecting such schemes, the British project of a "Palestine Channel" is gaining shape, and engineers will shortly be sent out to make the requisite surveys. This plan proposes to utilise the great ravine of the Jordan as a marine highway between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

FLOWER-STALL IN THE CONSERVATORY



THE CHINESE KIOSK



ROYAL FETE AT THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION IN AID OF FUNDS FOR THE ERECTION OF AN ENGLISH CHURCH AT BERLIN



THE cholera epidemic is undoubtedly the centre of European interest. EGYPT itself is fairly panic-stricken, for the disease is now raging in Cairo, and appears to be creeping north as well as south, fostered by the gross mismanagement of the Egyptian officials. Indeed, the native authorities have proved totally unable to cope with the difficulties of the situation, yet have jealously repulsed all European advice and assistance until the Khédive himself came to Cairo to put matters on a better footing. Now, therefore, the necessary arrangements will be controlled by an Extraordinary Sanitary Commission, whose members include Sir Evelyn Wood, Lieut.-General Stephenson, and Baker Pasha, and, to judge from the alarming reports of the state of Cairo, prompt and judicious action is imperatively needed. Hitherto the most elementary sanitary precautions have been neglected in the capital, the only attempts at disinfection being the nightly public tar fires. Patients have been carried freely through the streets to the hospital, the clothes of the dead have been sent home to be worn by relatives, and the bodies themselves either transported on donkeys or in very slight coffins, and buried close to the surface. The cholera hospital is atrociously managed, according to the *Standard* correspondent, being dirty, and lacking proper remedies and sufficient medical attendance, while the natives are so unwilling to run any risk as nurses that the British are tending the Native Army Hospital. Happily the Egyptians have at last acknowledged the need of European skill, so that twelve experienced English doctors have been sent out, and forty Mahomedan hospital nurses are ready to start from India.

The present epidemic, however, allows but little time for treatment, as the attacks terminate very speedily, people falling down and dying in the street. The mortality increases daily, 558 deaths having occurred on Tuesday. The poor quarter of Boulak, where the disease first broke out, has been the hotbed of the attack, and the Cairo officials accordingly summarily turned out hundreds of the residents, and burnt their quarters, without the slightest regard to their infecting other parts of the city. So some of the wretched refugees, with their sick, their household belongings, and their live stock, migrated up the river, unpleasantly near the British troops, while numbers fled into the heart of the town. This greatly alarmed the British authorities, who stopped the influx in both directions, and obliged the majority to return. Many, however, are still encamped at Tourah, near Helouan, where they are starving and destitute, and are infecting the native troops of the surrounding cordon. General Baker has endeavoured to help the sufferers by sending doctors and medicine, but the authorities put every possible difficulty in his way. Indeed all over the town the British have the greatest trouble to carry out any precautions in the face of native opposition. Yet the inhabitants are in abject terror, and are decidedly disorderly, owing to the influence of the Ramadan.

Though Europeans in general have hitherto escaped, the infection has unfortunately reached the British troops in Cairo and the neighbourhood. Six cases have proved fatal, including Lieutenant Le Quesne of the Artillery, and the soldiers are fast being removed to healthier quarters, either to the Mokattam Hills above Cairo, or into the Desert. Every care has been taken, a regular field hospital has been erected in the Abdin Square, and the whole garrison can be cleared out in a few hours at need. Happily the troops at Alexandria are free from disease at present, and the health of the town altogether is satisfactory, thanks to the favourable breezes, though the inhabitants are in sore alarm. A defensive cordon has been drawn round the city, and railway communication is curtailed, while no one is allowed to pass from the interior without performing quarantine at Damanhour, where the crowds of refugees are not unlikely to cause an outbreak of disease. The epidemic has evidently worn itself out at Damietta and Mansourah, but mortality continues high in the other towns, and, indeed, it is strongly suspected that not half the deaths are reported. Many occur unknown in out-of-the-way places, whilst others are studiously suppressed. Altogether the total deaths are now estimated at 6,566, of which Cairo and Damietta claim 1,800 apiece, while 1,000 have occurred at Mansourah. A Syrian doctor has managed to enter the latter town, and gives a terrible account of the prevailing dirt, ignorance, and destitution. Apart from the loss of life, the epidemic has inflicted enormous damage upon the country. Business is universally stopped, agriculture is equally neglected, and the administration is in a complete state of disorganisation. Meanwhile the Nile has risen very favourably.

On all sides of the Continent fresh stringent measures continue to be taken to avoid infection, and many of the mail routes have been changed or curtailed. The first unreasoning scare, however, has subsided, and the various Governments are planning missions to study the disease for its future prevention, France intending to send a special sanitary mission. Turkey also talks of an International Commission of Sanitation, to meet at Constantinople; but meantime, with the usual Oriental apathy, does little at home, save publish elaborate regulations. Constantinople is greatly alarmed at the dangerous state of the city, and the Sultan is anxious to adopt all precautions, but the officials are divided in opinion, and the needful money is, as usual, not forthcoming.

The British Government's withdrawal from the Suez Canal Convention has somewhat surprised FRANCE, and the comments on British jealousy and narrow-mindedness are most uncomplimentary. Mr. Gladstone's courteous language is uniformly praised, but public opinion in general considers that England has only relinquished the project temporarily to watch for a more favourable opportunity of advancing her interests in that direction. Sensible politicians, however, who acknowledged that the proposed agreement might easily create unpleasant feelings between the two countries, are not altogether dissatisfied, particularly as Government circles are now so anxious to improve the relations with England. Thus, much is expected of M. Waddington, who was specially chosen for the London post on this account. Nor is M. de Lesseps disheartened by the failure of the agreement, as he declares that the Suez Canal Company has plenty of land for carrying out the scheme without any further concession, while the money can easily be obtained. Personally, he would prefer to widen the Canal on each side, and divide it down the middle by a dyke, so that an up and a down line might be formed, to prevent vessels obstructing each other, and wearing out the banks. If necessary, however, he thinks that he could easily construct a parallel canal with a narrow strip of ground between. The work would be completed in three years, and the dues would be reduced according to the original proposal. M. de Lesseps is highly gratified by Mr. Gladstone's compliments, and is now being lauded to the skies by the French Press.

The summer season has not brought much rest to French Ministers, for Parliament is still busily at work endeavouring to pass the Railway Conventions and the Judicial Bill, although both these Government measures are much disliked by the country at large. The long-deferred Tonkin debate has at last been held, M. Challemeil-Lacour returning a remarkably ambiguous reply to the Duc de Broglie's query whether war had been declared with Annam. The

Minister asserted that France is not at open war with Annam, but so disturbed is that country that the Annamites may be at war with France in different parts of the province—a distinction without a difference which did not greatly satisfy the House. In Tonkin itself both the French and the natives are making elaborate preparations for a decisive campaign, but as yet hostilities have not begun. Nothing either has yet been heard from Madagascar.

The Comte de Chambord continues in much the same condition, varying from day to day. Dr. Vulpian indeed declares that his recovery depends mainly upon careful diet, but the Comte's extreme weakness is a dangerous symptom. The doctor also denies the report that the Comte had been poisoned by a cigar, as he does not smoke at all. The Royalists are making pilgrimages to pray for his recovery, and there have been grand doings at Lourdes, vehemently denounced by the Radicals, who are alarmed at the more favourable attitude towards the Church recently assumed by the Government. Thus, though M. Grévy has not yet answered the Pope's letter, the Ambassador to the Vatican has been directed to explain the delay to His Holiness, while the Report of the Committee appointed to consider the relations of Church and State has not been presented to Parliament, though quite complete. The Report, drawn up by the notorious atheist, M. Paul Bert, and the proposed Bill are violently hostile to the Church.

The Emperors of GERMANY and AUSTRIA will shortly hold their usual summer meeting, and it is probable that Emperor William will visit the Austrian Imperial Family at Ischl. A further meeting between the German Emperor and the King of Italy is also rumoured.—German shipbuilders are considerably inconvenienced by the relations of France and China, as they have been building numerous vessels for the Celestial Empire and cannot despatch them under present circumstances. It is to be hoped that the majority are better constructed than the Chinese corvette, *Ting Yuen*, built at Stettin, which suffered grievously during the recent trial of her guns. The discharge of the cannon did immense damage to the vessel, and threw all the crew off their feet.—The lengthy Jewish trial in Austria will probably be concluded in a few days, as the examination of the witnesses is at last over. Public excitement ran higher than ever during the last few sittings. Constant disturbances occurred in Court, the defending counsel and magistrates were violently threatened, and one anti-Jewish Deputy grossly insulted the Public Prosecutor. Several of the witnesses will be prosecuted for perjury.

As the time draws near in INDIA for the Government to take some definitive step respecting the Ilbert Bill, the European community daily becomes more hostile to that unlucky measure; while its Native supporters are doing their best to extend the agitation for obtaining further privileges and powers. One Hindoo Society, the Indian Association, proposes to organise a regular constitutional agitation both in India and England, and has held a noisy meeting in Calcutta to discuss the ways and means. The shining light of the meeting was the lately released editor of the *Bengalee*, whose patriotic zeal has not been chilled by prison air. Mr. Bauerjee now styles his party "Her Majesty's Opposition in India," and claims nothing less for his country than complete self-government and Parliamentary institutions, on the model of the British Colonies. Accordingly, he urges that subscriptions should be collected in every village to furnish funds towards this desirable result. Gathering from rumour that the local reports—now all received—are unmistakably hostile to the Native Magistrature Bill, the Vernacular Press warmly inveigh against a compromise, and urge Lord Ripon to remain firm. On the other hand, the Natives are vigorously opposed to the Bengal Tenancy Bill, the land owners being unwilling to make any sacrifices whatever for the poor peasantry. Opposition meetings have been held, and the chief Native organ, the *Hindoo Patriot*, vehemently warns the Government against Radical ideas, and the danger of converting Bengal into a second Ireland. In AFGHANISTAN the Ameer has accepted the terms of the British subsidy and will shortly visit Candahar and Herat.

The telegraph strike in the UNITED STATES has caused great inconvenience throughout the country. Undermining the strength of the operators, the telegraph companies took little pains towards the success of the negotiations, and now some 17,000 employees are on strike. The strikers are remarkably orderly, and have not interfered with the wires, so that the companies have been able to carry on their business fairly with outside aid, while the public have assisted by using the post as much as possible instead of the telegraph. Neither side at present shows signs of yielding, and each is equally confident of success.—There has been a terrible disaster near Baltimore, where over seventy excursionists were drowned by the collision of a barge with the pier on which they were standing.—Severe tornadoes have occurred in Minnesota, carrying a railway train off the track; and a serious fire has destroyed an important wharf at Brooklyn.

In SOUTH AFRICA Cetewayo's restoration has brought nothing but trouble to Zululand and death to the King himself. It is asserted that he has been killed during an attack on his chief stronghold, Ulundi, where the British army defeated him four years since. Following up their successes, Oham and Usibepu pursued Cetewayo close home, burnt Ulundi, and completely scattered the King's followers with immense slaughter.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, RUSSIA is busy with her Central Asian dominions. Though as yet she has not formally replied to the deputation of Merv Turcomans, who asked for a Russian Governor, she has requested the Khan of Khiva to protect Merv, whilst she in her turn protects the Khan. Further, the Russians are trying to improve communications in the district by once more diverting the waters of the Syr Darya into the channel of the Jan Darya, so as to irrigate the Kizil Kum Steppe, and facilitate the movement of troops.—CHILI and PERU have recommenced hostilities, and the Peruvians have been totally defeated at Huanchuco.—AUSTRALIA continues to agitate in favour of annexing New Guinea, and enthusiastic public meetings are being held in Victoria.—JAPAN has lost one of her most enlightened politicians, the ex-Premier Iwakura, who had lately retired from office owing to failing health. He was a devoted supporter of the present Mikado, who owed most of his success to Iwakura's energy and self-denial.



THE QUEEN is now in the Isle of Wight with the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse. Her Majesty did not leave Windsor so soon as intended, and entertained several visitors at the Castle before her departure. The Duke and Duchess of Albany and their baby stayed a short time with the Queen, and on Saturday Her Majesty bestowed the medal for distinguished service in the field on Private Gaw, of the Scots Guards, who had been wounded at Tel-el-Kebir. In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Albany and Princess Elizabeth went to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught's garden party at Bagshot, and next morning the Queen and Princess Elizabeth attended Divine Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum. Princess Christian and the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen lunched with the Royal party, and later the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz with the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess

and their children visited Her Majesty. On Monday the Queen and Princess Elizabeth drove to Frogmore, where they were joined by Princess Christian, with her daughters and the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, while later Princess Elizabeth came up to the garden party at Marlborough House. Her Majesty and the Princess left on Tuesday for Osborne, crossing from Gosport in the *Alberta*. The Queen will remain at Osborne until the Princess Beatrice returns from Aix-les-Bains, when the Royal party go to Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales went to Sandringham on Saturday to see Prince Albert Victor, who is studying there, preparatory to going to Cambridge in October. The Prince attended Divine Service with his son on Sunday at St. Mary Magdalene's, and returned to town on Monday. The Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, who had been staying with Princess Christian, also returned to Marlborough House, and in the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales gave a garden party, which was attended by the chief members of the Royal Family. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess, with the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen and their daughters, witnessed the drill of the Fire Brigade at the headquarters at Southwark, and in the evening went to the Lyceum Theatre, and subsequently to Lady Salisbury's dance. On Wednesday they went to Lady Holland's garden party, attended the *conversations* of the Society of Arts, and were present at Lady De Rothschild's ball. Last (Friday) night they were to give a dance, the closing gaiety of the season, after which the Prince and Princess go first to Goodwood, then to Cowes for a short time, and subsequently to Germany.

The Duke of Edinburgh has finished his course of waters at Kissingen, and has rejoined the Duchess and children at Coburg.—When the Duke and Duchess of Connaught visit Grimsby, on the 17th prox., to open the People's Park, the Duke will receive an elaborate key, and the Duchess will be presented with a golden spade to plant a tree. Three days later they go to Norwich, to open the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.—The Duke of Albany on Monday visited Marlborough College, the Duchess being unable to accompany him, as arranged. After distributing the prizes, the Duke was entertained at luncheon, and attended a concert, staying the night with the Master at his Lodge. Next day he drove through Savernake Forest to lunch with Lord Ailesbury on his way home.



THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND PURITY SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the Organising Committee held last week, the Bishop of Lichfield being in the chair, it was decided that the Committee, having complied with the mandate of the great meeting held at Lambeth, on May 25th, should be dissolved, and a Council formed, consisting of the Primate, the Bishops, and a nominee of each Bishop, the Chaplains of the Fleet and Forces, the Deans of Westminster, St. Paul's, and Windsor, and twenty other gentlemen, selected by the Organising Committee. Four ladies were chosen as referees. The following points were settled, viz., the name (as above), the qualification for membership to be men over 18, who undertake to conform to the rules and promote the interests of the Society, and to pay 5s. annually. The Executive Committee were to hold their first meeting yesterday (Friday), and the Council adjourned till Oct. 12th. Messrs. Drummond were appointed bankers to the Society.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE began on Tuesday at Hull. The first business was the election of a President. The Rev. T. M'Cullagh was elected. The Rev. C. Garrett, ex-President, addressing the new President, said the Connexion was united and prosperous, and he hoped it would continue so. The new President in his reply said that doctrines and practices once peculiar to the Wesleys were spreading among other Churches, but he hoped the Wesleys would keep to their reverent way of conducting services, and not allow them to be exaggerated. They were friendly with all Protestant Evangelical Churches, and he believed the bitterness of former controversies had passed away. Votes of thanks to the late President and Secretary were then carried, and the addresses of the Irish, French, and South African Conferences were then read. It was settled that the Conference should be held next year at Burslem.

CARDINAL M'CABE, on Sunday, in reply to an address of welcome presented to him on his return to Ireland by the Catholic Clergy of Dublin, referred for the first time to the Papal Circular, and the receipt of it by Mr. Parnell's followers. He said that the principle of unity with Rome, which alone can preserve the Christianity of the world, had ever had unflinching assertors in the City of Dublin, and that the Dublin Church had proved its devotion by the unbroken assistance it had afforded the Papal Treasury during the last thirty years. But this aid would be of small value in the eyes of the Holy Father, unless accompanied by filial obedience to his counsels, and it is an omen of ill times when the Church's children listen to men who say that the Holy Father has been influenced by secular motives.

IN THE COURT OF ARCHES, on Saturday, in the case of Martin v. Mackonochie, Lord Penzance pronounced a sentence of deprivation against Mr. Mackonochie, who was lately incumbent of St. Alban's, Holborn, and condemned him in costs. Mr. Mackonochie preached at St. Peter's, London Docks, on Sunday evening, but made no reference to personal matters.



LEEDS FESTIVAL (Correspondence).—The choral rehearsals for the Leeds Festival are going on actively, under the direction of the local choir master, Mr. John Broughton, a professor of long experience, added to marked ability. The conductor elect of the Festival, Sir Arthur Sullivan, came down expressly to Leeds at the end of last week with the object of testing the progress already made in some of the most important works comprised in the week's selection. As conductor in 1880, though following in the wake of no less eminent a chief than Sir Michael Costa, he had given general satisfaction, and that he should be reappointed to the much-coveted dignity occasioned no surprise. How thoroughly Sir Arthur had won the sympathy of the members of the chorus—which, for strength and freshness of voices in every department, from sopranos to basses, combined with precision of "attack," and last, not least, zealous attention to work, may favourably compare with any similar body, not only in England, but in Europe—was clearly shown by the cordial enthusiasm that greeted him on all hands. His appearance in the orchestra, in fact, was the signal for a demonstration of which he may feel justly proud, and to which he replied in a speech at once complimentary and appropriate. The choruses from the late Joachim Raff's "posthumous" oratorio—*The World's End, Judgment, and the New World*—were then rehearsed so much to the satisfaction of Sir Arthur that he expressed his satisfaction in unmistakable language, dwelling especially on the high value of Mr. Broughton's services. Parts of J. S. Bach's cantata, which is to be another conspicuous feature of the general programme—the

grand opening chorus ("Thou Guide of Israel") and final *chorale*, for instance—were also gone through, with a result in no degree less promising. On the following day (Saturday) the grand (truly "grand") *Missa Solennis* in D of Beethoven occupied the attention of the singers, who were in no degree perplexed by its difficulties—occasionally, as at one time thought, insurmountable. Meanwhile, Sir George Macfarren is shortly expected at Leeds, to superintend the rehearsals of the choruses in his new oratorio, *King David*, which there is good reason to believe, on trustworthy authority, is likely to prove a success, fully justifying the Leeds directors in commissioning our eminent English musician to compose a second oratorio for their Festival. It will be remembered that, after appropriating *St. John the Baptist*, the Cambridge Professor's Bristol oratorio, they ordered one on their own account, and that the impression created by *Joseph* (the new work in question) surpassed even that which had been created by its precursor three years in advance. That *King David* will be a worthy successor is taken for granted by all those who had the opportunity of examining the score, or listening to choral excerpts at rehearsal. *King David* is the fourth oratorio from the pen of Sir George Macfarren, the second of the four being *The Resurrection*, written expressly for the Birmingham Festival, where, under the direction of Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren (the composer's brother, who also subsequently conducted the performance of *Joseph*, at Leeds), it was produced with great applause and universal approval. That Sir Arthur Sullivan will do all that lies in his power to obtain an effective rendering of the last great work by the *doyen* of English musicians, who so worthily fills up the void left by the too early death of William Sterndale Bennett, may be taken for granted. Sir Arthur himself, like Bennett and Macfarren before him, was a student in our Royal Academy of Music (not the least gifted, as all know), and this alone would suffice to stimulate his endeavours in the present instance. That no work of importance from his own pen should adorn the Festival programme is to be regretted; but that, three years hence, he will give us a worthy pendant to *The Light of the World* is not only the general desire, but the general belief.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S RECENT DOINGS.—Herr Rubinstein has undertaken to write a lyric "stage-play," in five scenes, the materials drawn from the *Song of Solomon*, his librettist being Herr Julius Rodenberg, with whom the impetuous Moldavian pianist has been lately conferring at Berlin. We shall have nothing but "Scriptural" operas soon, if their progress be not checked by some emphatic declaration of public opinion. And yet very few such concoctions have proved of any lasting worth. The most recent example, M. Massenet's *Herodiade*, should be a caution to others inclined to follow in his steps; for prosy dulness can hardly further go than in this notorious example. Such things, moreover, have no legitimate place upon the stage. The *Maccabees* one might think to have served Herr Rubinstein himself as a warning. Wagner's *Parsifal* is no better or worse than a parody (which, by the way, we are glad to learn that Mr. Joseph Barnby will not be allowed to give, as was his purpose, in the Royal Albert Hall) on things and incidents held so sacred that it would not be tolerated in any English theatre, or "passed" by any English Lord Chamberlain. In Germany, however, it is otherwise, and musicians of the peculiar temperament of Herr Rubinstein (among others), are allowed full swing. The benefit they confer upon art by such exhibitions of their fancy and imagination are at the best doubtful.

WAIFS.—Mr. Mackenzie (the composer of *Jason and Colimba*) is obliged to decline an offer from the Committee of the Birmingham Festival to furnish them with a new sacred choral work for 1885, having already accepted a similar offer for the Norwich Festival of 1884. Our young countryman is a conscientious worker, and whatever he undertakes he will perform, not in eager haste, but to the utmost of his ability.



THERE was a large gathering in the House of Commons on Monday, in anticipation of a statement by the Premier on the great question of the Suez Canal. The House of Lords had a similar expectation, which Earl Granville was to fulfil. But the interest of their lordships in Parliamentary affairs has been almost exhausted by the labours already undergone. To meet at four o'clock on four afternoons of the week, to hear a few questions asked or half a dozen speeches made, and to separate at hours varying from five o'clock to seven, is not a process to be carried on indefinitely. The middle of July finds noble lords worn out, and on Monday there were not more than two score present to hear a critical announcement. Lord Granville, grateful for the self-denial of those who were present, did not long trespass on their patience. In ten minutes he had smiled and nodded through his statement, and the House of Lords knew that the project was abandoned.

The gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, and read Parliamentary reports of fierce encounters between the Leader of the Government and the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, would be surprised if they could look in and see how matters really are conducted. On Monday night, when this great crisis in political and party warfare was reached, when a powerful Government were on the eve of abandoning an Imperial scheme, when the Opposition had triumphed, and the cry of "Woe to the vanquished!" may have been supposed to fill the air, Lord Granville, perceiving the Marquis of Salisbury enter and take his seat on the Front Opposition bench, tripped across, sat down beside him, and held five minutes' friendly chat, in which, doubtless, the procedure of the evening was arranged. Before the Foreign Secretary was back in his place, the Marquis of Salisbury was on his feet, and, with stern tones and lowering brow, was thrilling the Strangers' Gallery with a demand for information as to what course an incompetent and perfidious Government had decided to take in "this disastrous business?"

In the House of Commons matters assumed a more serious business air, though the position, inasmuch as it personally affected Mr. Gladstone, seemed to raise his spirits and clear his brow. According to custom with him when he comes down to make a momentous speech, he wore a flower in his button-hole. When he made his first Budget speech in his new Ministry it appeared that the height of the occasion could not be reached under anything less than a tall fern leaf, which formed the background of a hothouse flower. This was well enough whilst the Premier held his head erect and addressed the House. But when he stopped to consult his notes, the end of the fern tickled his cheek, and the Premier's half unconscious struggles with this phenomenon greatly distracted the attention of members from the exposition of the National Budget. On Monday the Premier was satisfied with a geranium, pink and large, the wearing of which led to no personal inconvenience, whilst it gave him quite a gay appearance. He dallied for a long time with the curiosity of a crowded House, skilfully attempting to show as he proceeded how beneficial was the scheme he was on the point of abandoning. When the House met, a variety of circumstances, chiefly buoyed up by telegrams from Paris, had led to the conclusion that the Government would stand by the agreement. The announcement in a contrary sense did not create

any marked demonstration, though the Conservatives cheered. At various points where the Premier, with an innocent air of avoiding controversial points, succeeded in getting in a recommendation or justification of the scheme, there was a cheer from the Liberal side. But, on the whole, the affair went off very quietly, Sir Stafford Northcote contributing a mild speech, in which he threatened at some subsequent period to move a vote of censure.

The sequel to the incident came on Tuesday, when the Leader of the Opposition, having taken counsel with his colleagues, gave notice that he would move a resolution pledging the Government to decline recognition of any claim on the part of the Suez Canal Company to "such monopoly as would exclude the possibility of competition for the purpose of opening a water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea." Sir Stafford Northcote asked for a day on which this might be debated, and on Thursday the Prime Minister named Monday.

This announcement has to some considerable extent put a stopper on the flood of questions respecting the Suez Canal which night after night has come up. Apart from this, Egypt has occupied the attention of Parliament in respect of the outbreak of cholera which, after giving promise of disappearance at Damietta, suddenly turned up with increased violence at Cairo, and threatens to prove not less disastrous than some historical outbreaks. It appears clear, even from the guarded answers given in both Houses, that divided authority in Egypt has brought about a state of chaos which leaves the cholera triumphant all along the line. In accordance with a request made by the Khédive, Surgeon-Major Hunter has gone to take charge of the Medical Department, and a dozen English doctors, conversant with the phases of the cholera, have volunteered for service, and are already on their way to Egypt.

In the mean while, almost unnoticed amid the attractions of these burning questions, the business of the House of Commons has gone forward at a steady pace. Up to the end of last week the Agricultural Holdings Bill had threatened to stick in the mud. The first two clauses, which dealt with the crucial questions of the sitting tenant and the limits of compensation, were passed in a single night, a circumstance which encouraged the hope that last week would see the Bill through Committee. But whilst the resistance offered by Mr. Howard and other representatives of the Farmers' Alliance was thus brief, when other questions were reached similar in importance, but wherein the landlords found themselves opposed by the Government, a more tedious resistance ensued, and several nights passed without appreciable advance being made. On Monday, when the Committee met, it had only reached the fifth clause, but before it rose the fourteenth had been passed, and at an early hour on Wednesday morning the Bill passed through Committee.

The altered state of things in respect of the attitude of the Irish Members has been shown throughout this Bill, and notably in the last sitting of the Committee. By this time Mr. Biggar, whose sense of humour slowly incubates, had seen his way to a joke. He thought it would irritate English landowners, vex the Government, and waste a little time, if he were to move a new clause applying to an English Land Act the provision in the Irish Act for fixing a judicial rent. Of course such a proposal had no serious bearing. It was a burlesque upon Parliamentary debate. But that would not affect Mr. Biggar's action, except in the direction of encouraging him to proceed. His notice duly appeared on the paper, and throughout the latter part of Tuesday night he was diligently in his place on the look-out for opportunity. Towards midnight there began to gather to him Mr. Healy, who now takes his place as Member for Monaghan, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, of late rarely seen in the House, a circumstance which has considerable effect upon the average tone of debate. This looked ominous. The Government and the House generally were desirous of getting the Bill through at the sitting, of which, with fair debate, there was reasonable prospect. But if the Irish Members interposed on a point which would make quite possible a debate on the working of the Irish Land Act, the fair prospect absolutely disappeared. Mr. Biggar's chance did not come till nearly one o'clock in the morning, a circumstance which at one period would have served rather to recommend action. Mr. Healy might have moved to report progress on the plea of the most important motion his hon. friend had on the paper, and the impossibility of doing it justice at that time of the sitting. There would have been a wrangle, and, finally, adjournment. But now Mr. Biggar seemed to think it was too late for a joke, and, folding up his papers, went away, leaving the Bill to pass through Committee, to the joy of Ministers and the great relief of the House, which thus sees itself appreciably nearer the prorogation. The other business of the week has comprised the Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill, which occupied the whole of Wednesday, the Education votes and a vote on account, to which Thursday was devoted, and the Indian contribution to the Egyptian War, which was to be debated on Friday morning at the instance of Mr. Onslow.

TABLE D'HÔTE DINNERS

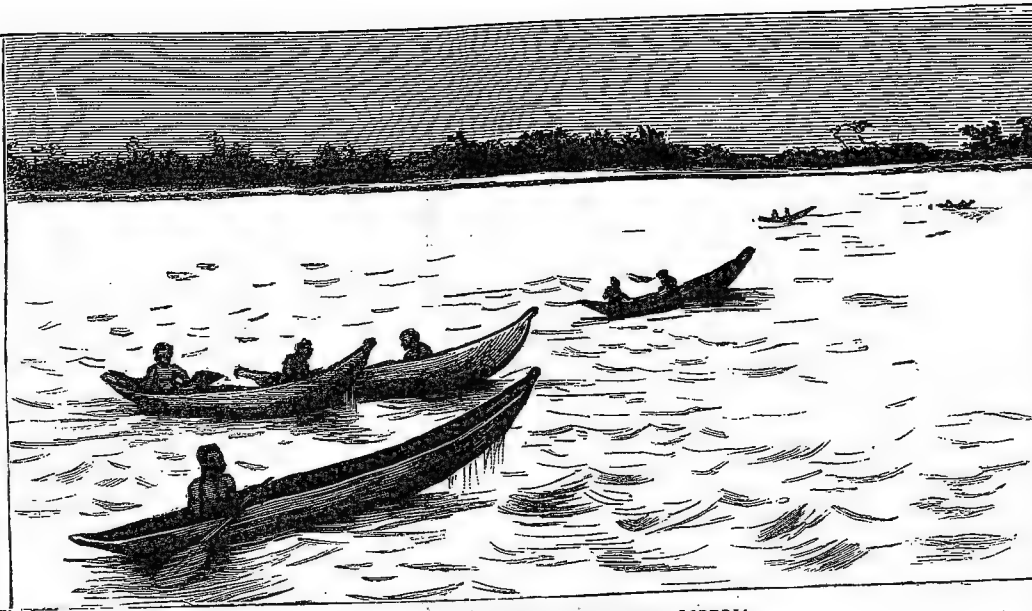
IT is related of a popular novelist that he dines frequently at hotels for the purpose of studying the lights and shades of character at the *table d'hôte* dinner. He probably finds the latter to preponderate there, because it is a noticeable fact that conviviality, or even geniality, are usually frowned down at this description of public dinner. Whether this gravity is due to a proper appreciation of King Solomon's maxims about silence, or whether it arises from the circumstance of some of the company having nothing to say, and this moiety resenting speech on the part of the others, it is not always possible to determine; but certainly it would not be easy to imagine a worse position than that of a brilliant talker, like the late Charles Lever, if set down incognito at the modern British *table d'hôte*. The word *British* is emphasised because a foreign *table d'hôte* is very often quite an exception to the rule. Foreigners, and especially Frenchmen, think so very much of the pleasures of the table that their good humour, enhanced by anticipations of a good dinner, is proof even against the stony stares of the British travelling female, or the no less disconcerting familiarity of London 'Arry when abroad. A French gentleman, one can see, has only half his thoughts for the people he is dining with. The other half is absorbed in agreeable recollections of the *poulet à la Marengo*, or in lively expectations of how the *macaroni au gratin* may turn out. So he talks and laughs in high good humour, when his mouth is not full, and wonders a little, perhaps, at the frigid demeanour of those islanders opposite, who appear to act as if they were participating at a funeral rather than a dinner. Monsieur, however, would soon grow accustomed to that kind of thing if it fell to his lot to dine often at *tables d'hôte* in England. He would learn that by some unwritten but well-understood law of the British *table d'hôte* conversation with a stranger should be entered upon only after the most mature deliberation. Some diners at *tables d'hôte* are so fully impressed with the social necessity of this law that men may come and men may go for weeks together while they are making up their minds whether they may make conversational advances to them or not. Others—usually young girls and old men—believe they can only keep within the letter of the law by replying to all friendly approaches in monosyllables; and it is certainly rather disheartening when one desires to draw a pretty young lady, or a benevolent-looking old gentleman with a fine forehead, into conversation, to be repulsed with those discomfiting little words, "Yes" and "No." No doubt a man must suffer in his self-respect when he tries to make himself agreeable at a *table d'hôte* dinner, and is met by a rebuff of the monosyllabic kind. Because, if he is a frequenter of our modern

high hostels he must be painfully aware that the rest of the company, seated in suffering silence, are enjoying his conversational discomfort. He, too, perhaps, when he had no one to talk to, and was sandwiched as a social mute between the pretty girl and the grand old man, may have rejoiced to see one opposite taught taciturnity in a similar way to himself, and yet, paradoxically enough, there is nothing the *table d'hôte* diner finds more grateful in the dreary waste of courses than the man or the woman who can keep the conversational ball rolling. Such a one saves him from himself. The painful and burdensome social necessity of appearing at one's ease when one is not is avoided. The thrice blessed conversational man, or woman, relieves the victim of taciturnity from the ungenial task of crumbling his bread; from what he knows is the *bêtise* of trying to look engrossed by the flowers; from the unpleasantness of having to avoid the appearance of staring at any one present. But a talker is no use if he has the faintest doubts about the charm of his own voice, or takes any thought of how his audience will accept what he says. Thirty or forty *table d'hôte* people are quite willing to put their necks under his yoke if he shows himself a masterful man; but woe betide him if he hesitates for a word, or evinces the smallest indication of weakness. In that event thirty or forty *table d'hôte* people are wroth with his presumption in venturing to address them at all. The situation is, of course, all the more difficult for the female talker. It is difficult for a woman—unless she is of the type of Madame de Staël—to take a mixed company by the ears and hold it there until she chooses to let it go again. Nevertheless, there are more women than one might suppose that are adepts at this art. But they are mostly ladies who have travelled a great deal. Anglo-Indian widows are often remarkable for this conversational talent. They will discourse in the naivest, pleasantest way, of their Overland route, domestic and other experiences, until at last the stolid audience is surprised to find itself interested, but more surprised still to discover what it is that has interested it. A woman, however, who is not possessed of a certain charm of conversation had better not attempt that rôle. There are no such severe critics of conversation, dress, and demeanour as your *table d'hôte* company; nor is this to be wondered at, considering that a general condition of enforced silence leaves them little else to brood upon but the conduct of their neighbours. Of course there are stock characters to be met with at every *table d'hôte*. There is the woman who is the daughter of a peer, or the sister of a baronet, and who tramples on the rest of society accordingly. There is the lady of a knight, who trembles socially when the other talks of her "Order." There is the man, often commercial, who, by right of often stopping at the hotel, is on intimate terms with the landlord or manager, and addresses him with easy familiarity, to the disgust of the Honourable Mrs. Spunkadillo and the perplexity of Lady Figgs. And there are two characters rarely absent from any large *table d'hôte* at a popular resort, and these are the lady and gentleman who pass as man and wife, but are strongly suspected by the rest of the company of being nothing of the kind. She is invariably pretty—too pretty, the other women think, to be good. She is usually over-dressed, and is the fashion of the hour exaggerated. She wears a wedding ring, and might pass for a bride, only the company will not have it at any price. He is often good-looking, too, and well-dressed; but, to a close observer, not quite at his ease. Perhaps he is really a newly-married man, and shy of the break as any other inexperienced animal might be; but, whether this is so or not, he is credited with all the vices of a Don Juan. It must be hard upon a real bride and bridegroom, anxious to conceal their newly-married happiness from the world, to be mistaken for people no better than they should be; but to this social danger every couple of a reserved character and a self-conscious demeanour is more or less exposed. If no one else were to do it, there is sure to be some old bachelor to suspect the pair's relations. Every *table d'hôte* of any pretension has its old bachelor *habitué*—a gentleman who probably finds his club too hot for him that he dines so regularly at a hotel. A man of this type sits at the head of the table, calls the waiters by their Christian names, and criticises the dishes. He generally has military rank, though whether it is his own or Her Majesty's nobody knows and nobody cares. He is at the bottom of all the scandals and the gossip that circulate in some mysterious manner in the hotel, and he probably adds to his income by billiards, ecarté, and intrigue. It is well worth the while of some diners to be civil to him; nay, even to lose a half-sovereign now and then to old Cœlebs, because he can make or mar a match, as another of the stock characters knows to her cost. That is the poor lady—for she is to be pitied—who, in sheer despair of finding Jacks for her Jills, on the ordinary highways of society betakes herself to the bye-ways, to see if haply any unsophisticated males of a perverse generation are to be found there. As the rule she will have two daughters with her, but any number at home. The girls are nice girls—it would be hard, indeed, for any girl to be nasty—and it depends upon the humour of Cœlebs whether they shall appear to the company as young ladies of great attractions and splendid expectations, or only as garrison hacks of the lowest breeding. And here we might speculate vaguely as to the success or otherwise of this kind of matrimonial adventure. It is currently reported that the Scottish hydropathic establishments are simply Temples of Hymen under another name; but then the temperance people say that everything is possible to those that drink water! The Rechabites is, perhaps, more susceptible to the influences of the sex than the toper, who gives a part of his allegiance to the bottle. At all events, in ordinary hotels the marriage bells and the dinner bells don't seem to clang much together. The orange-blossom is too often absent from the *épergne*; and no wonder, for how are couples to become acquainted, much more flirt, where taciturnity is a golden rule? The harassed efforts of the poor lady in question to get up any possible kind of conversation in which her daughters can display the accomplishments expensively obtained at some Minerva House are evidences of the uncompromising character of that rule. The persons who stand the best chances of wedding at the modern *table d'hôte* are the deaf, and perhaps the blind.

There is a certain class of small *table d'hôte* where diners can become really friendly, but alas! only for a brief season. When the *table d'hôte* consists of only about a dozen people, all staying in the hotel, they must become acquainted, through sheer force of circumstances. But just, perhaps, as poor Mrs. Hunter is for the thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-ninth time hopeful that that man who can afford the salmon-fishing is himself hooked, the plaguy individual breaks away in obedience to some telegram, or other malevolent influence, summoning him to London. Every week almost one or more of the little circle disappears, and as the vacant places are filled up with strange faces the provocation to taciturnity is revived. The Paradise of *tables d'hôte*, in the Hunters' opinion would doubtless be one where the company was bound under heavy penalties to dine together for a whole year. Even a "hadden tongue," as the Scotch say, could scarcely stand such an ordeal as that. But then every one has his own ideal of what a *table d'hôte* ought to be—an ideal which it is unnecessary to say is never attained. One man would like a *table d'hôte* composed of Cabinet Ministers and the Ladies of the Bedchamber. Another would prefer frolic to grandeur, and would die happy if he could meet Mr. Toole and half the actors and actresses of the London theatres at dinner every day of his life. There are those, again, who would like people to "dress" for *tables d'hôte*, and there are those who believe that at a quite too perfect *table d'hôte* the gentlemen should dine in their shirt-sleeves and their slippers, the ladies in their dressing-gowns and *chourriffes*. Everyone has his own ideas of what a *table d'hôte*



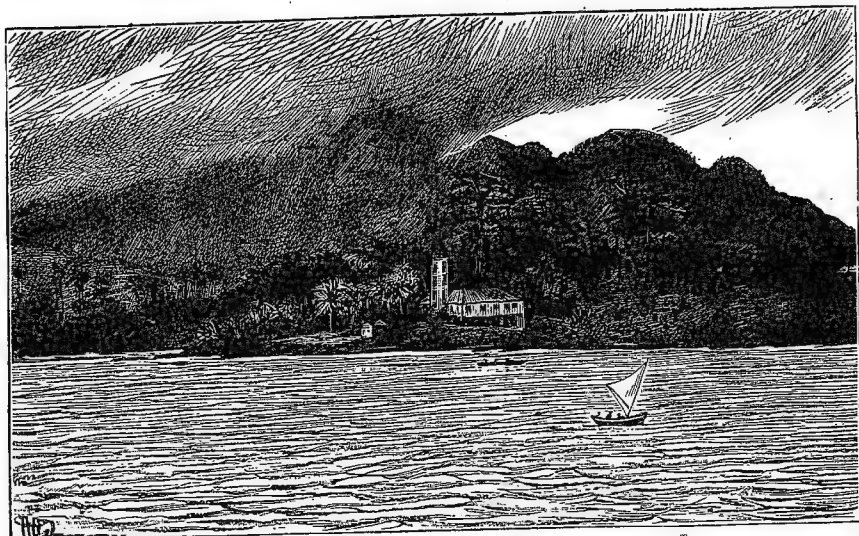
A COCOA-NUT PALM HUNG WITH THE NESTS OF WEAVER BIRDS, KABENDA



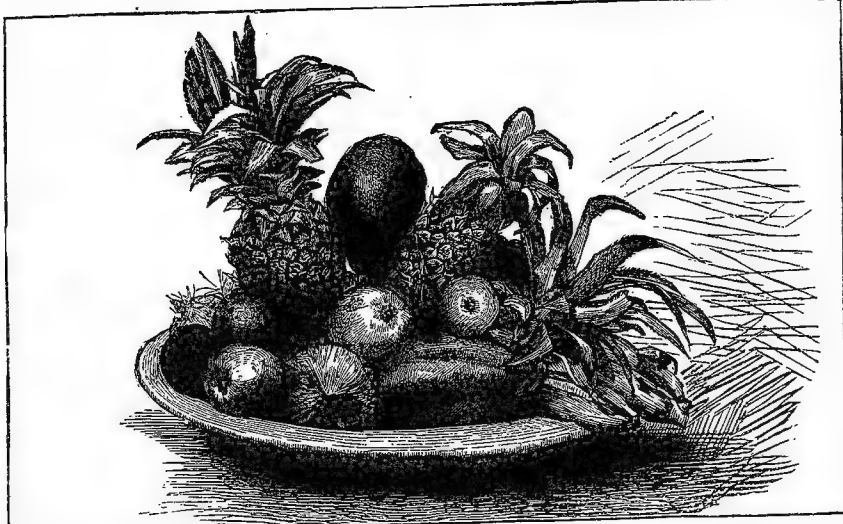
NATIVES COMING OFF FROM THE SHORE, LIBERIA



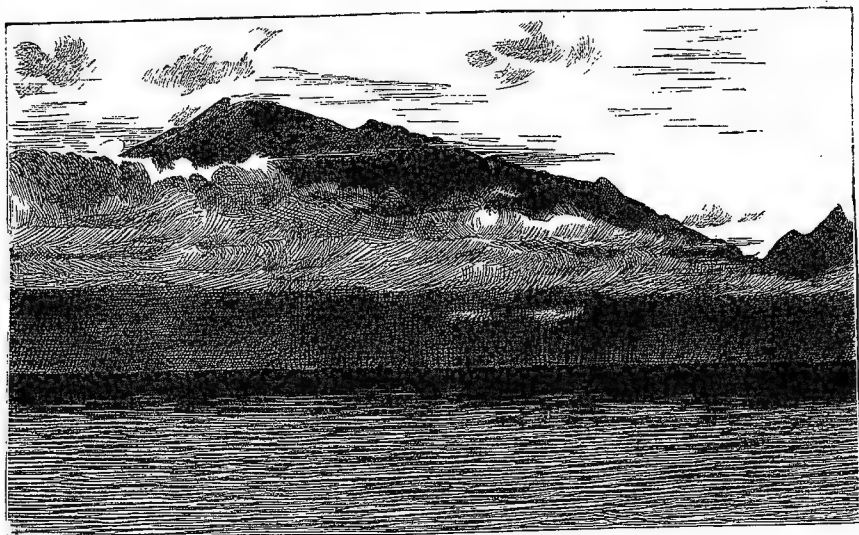
THE KING'S MOUTH (INTERPRETER) WITH HIS STICK OF OFFICE GIVEN BY H.B.M.'S GOVERNMENT, KINSEMBO



THE LIGHTHOUSE, SIERRA LEONE



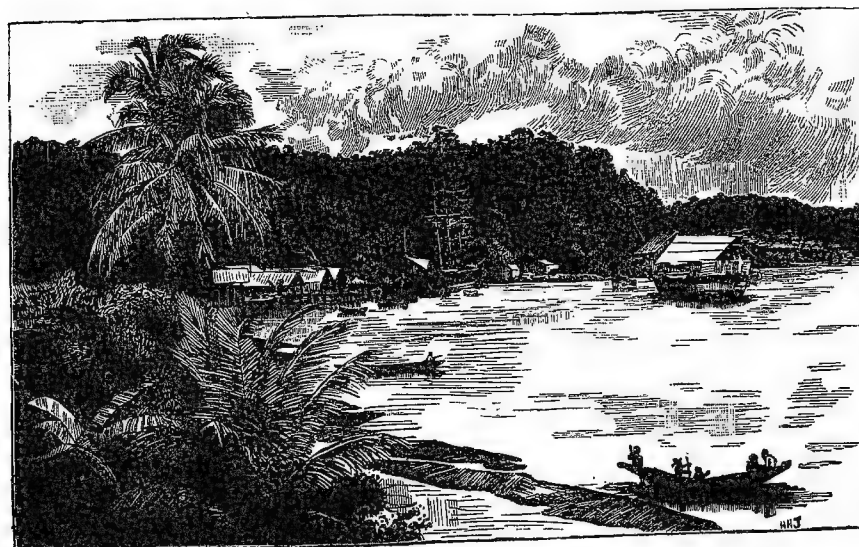
SIXPENNYWORTH OF FRUIT AT SIERRA LEONE



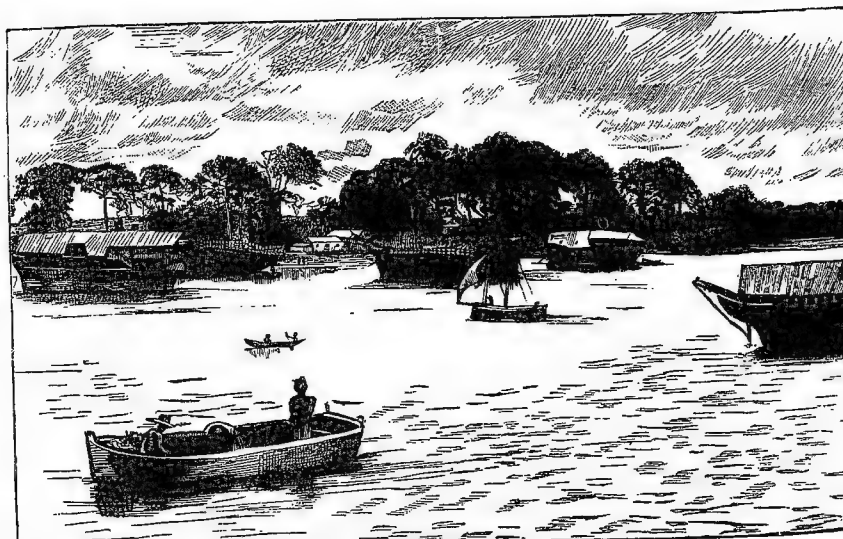
THE CAMAROONS MOUNTAINS, UPPER GUINEA



A BUMBOAT CANOE WITH GOAT AND BANANAS, KABENDA

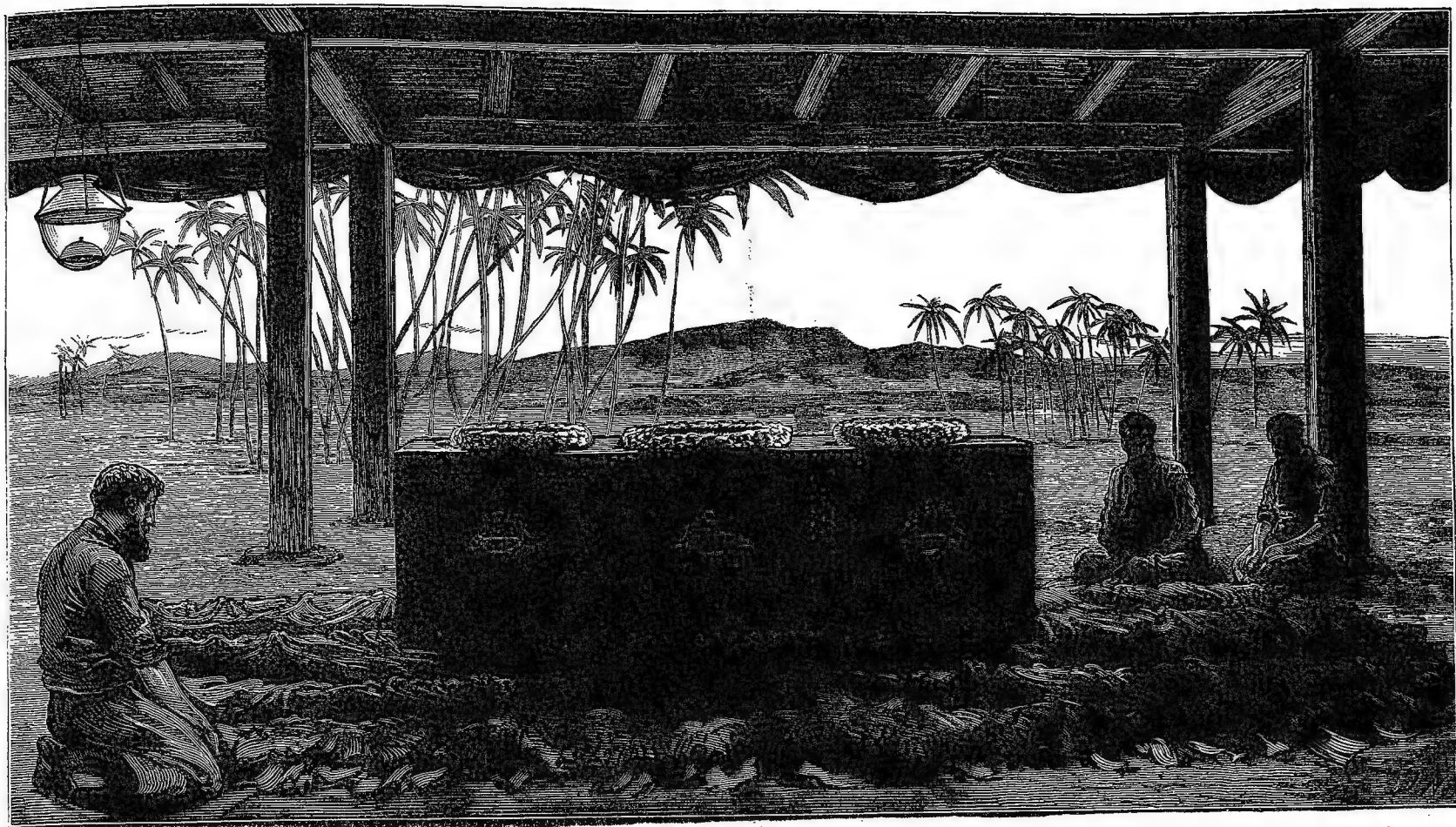


OLD CALABAR SEEN FROM PALM-TREE FACTORY (MR. WHITE'S)



BONNY FROM THE RIVER, WITH THE HULKS WHERE THE MERCHANTS LIVE LYING IN FRONT

SKETCHES IN WESTERN AFRICA



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE KING CACOBAN OF FIJI



NOTES AT THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING

ought to be—every one, including the landlord. But it is remarkable that that functionary's views are seldom in unison with those of his guests. The truth is that his guests never satisfy him. He pipes to them, and they won't dance; but they often will want to dance when he has no pipes to play. They are *contrary*. A landlord's idea of an ecstatic *table d'hôte* would, perhaps, be one where an immense crowd came and went every ten minutes, and in such haste as to be unable to pass any judgment on the wine—one where the company would allow itself to be amused at the magic of his will, and just when it suited only himself to amuse them. But ideal *tables d'hôte* are not under discussion—more's the pity—for much more could be said in their favour than can be said in commendation of the real thing.

F. E. W.



THE TURF.—We do not expect anything very exciting in the way of racing in the week before Goodwood, but this has been marked by the inauguration of a new meeting at Leicester, the aristocratic and other promoters of which may be congratulated on a decided success. The course and its surroundings are well arranged, and among other improvements the management is to be credited with what may be called a new invention, in the shape of the hoisting of a black-and-white flag in the unsaddling paddock when the winning jockey has been declared "all right" at the scales, and a red one when an objection has been made. The fields did not rule very large, but a very fair class of horses put in an appearance. The Leicestershire Handicap was won by Royal Prince, with Goggles second; the Prince of Wales's Plate by Angevin, and the Curzon Plate, which produced fourteen runners, by Leeds. Of the six races on the second day, Archer and Wood each rode the winners of three.—The Durham Meeting afforded fair sport for the country-side, and the Earl of Durham appropriately enough won the Wynyard Handicap with Courtier.—The Goodwood Stakes have provoked a little speculation, but the scratching of another favourite, Palermo, is a terrible blow to backers. It is not unlikely that next year we shall hear of no betting at all on this event till the numbers go up.—For the St. Leger, Galliard, Highland Chief, and Elzevir continue firm in the market.—Iroquois has arrived in America, and the American "Plunger" in England.

CRICKET.—There has been plenty of cricket all over the country during the last week, but the London season shows signs of drawing to a close. Yorkshire and Surrey have played a remarkable game at Leeds, Surrey in its first innings only answering the Yorkshire score of 116 with 31. Seven wickets of the Southerners were marked for duck's eggs, so deadly was Peate's bowling. The "follow on" only produced 82, of which Henderson got exactly half, and so Surrey was defeated by an innings and three runs. Peate in the first innings bowled 16 overs (11 maidens) for five runs and eight wickets; a remarkable feat, but almost equalled the other day by that of Mr. A. G. Steel, who, playing for Liverpool against The Friars, took ten wickets in the two innings for 36 runs.—Middlesex was lucky to make a draw with Notts, as 170 was a poor first innings score against the 342 of the Midlanders, for whom Barnes made 86 and Flowers 95.—The Kent v. Surrey match at Maidstone had to be drawn in consequence of the rain. The first innings of the former was 325, and of the latter 274.

LACROSSE.—The Canadian and Iroquois teams continue hard at work all over the country, the Canadians generally showing their superiority to the Indians. At Scarborough on Tuesday last the former got ten goals to the Indians five.

CAPTAIN WEBB'S ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE NIAGARA RAPIDS has ended in his death. The Captain had undertaken the feat for a wager of 2,000*l.*, and, though warned that he would inevitably be drowned, he kept to his bet, and made the attempt on Tuesday afternoon. Plunging into the river a short distance below the Falls, he swam safely for a time through the rapids, but was ultimately sucked into the whirlpool and lost. A similar exploit was twice performed successfully by an American diver, Sam Patch, in 1829, but the third trial proved fatal. At the spot where Captain Webb entered the water, the river is 95 feet deep, the current running at the rate of 35 miles an hour, and nearly 3 miles lower down is the whirlpool, where the river is contracted to a width of 220 feet. Among the wonderful performances of Captain Webb may be mentioned his swims of 18½ miles from Blackwall to Gravesend, in 4 hours and 52 min.; from Dover to Ramsgate in 8 hours 45 min.; and across the Channel in 21 hours 45 min. The Captain was very popular, and his death has caused a painful shock throughout the country.

AQUATICS.—News comes from America that the third match between Hanlan and Ross for the Championship of the World and 200*l.* aside resulted in a ridiculously easy victory for Hanlan.

LAWN TENNIS.—Our American visitors, not being satisfied with their defeat last week by the Mother Country, got on a second match this week; but the result was the same.



BIGAMY in a duplicated and aggravated form, combined with larceny and diabolical schemes for implicating the innocent in the misdeeds of the guilty—such are the main ingredients of a new play, entitled *Retaliation*, brought out on Saturday afternoon at the ADELPHI Theatre. Materials of this sort presage gloom and terror; but the anonymous author has nevertheless set about his work with a light heart, and an almost perpetual fire of puns and jests is kept up by his personages throughout three acts. Unfortunately the puns and jests either lacked freshness or were too puerile to be laughed at. On the other hand, hilarity of a very genuine kind was provoked by what seemed to be intended to arouse serious interest. Altogether *Retaliation* is a rather absurd production. Nor could the talents of Mr. Wood, Miss Julia Gwynne, Mr. Philip Beck, with those of other performers of respectable powers, save it from derision. It is fair to say that it appeared from certain tokens that the author had himself some modest misgivings as to his power to please, for he had taken care to entrench himself carefully in the very midst of an extensive musical entertainment of excellent quality. The entertainments were, to begin with, given in aid of the funds of that new but already highly favoured project "The Royal College of Music," a fact which in itself tended to disarm criticism. But besides this, the play was preceded and followed, and even garnished between the acts, with songs by Madame Antoinette Sterling and other excellent vocalists, or by solo and orchestral performances by Lord Lonsdale's admirably-trained private band. Whether the proceeds of the afternoon proved advantageous to the funds of the Royal College we cannot say,—considering the scanty audience we fear not. But the music was thoroughly appreciated, the audience were in

good temper, and though, during the performance of the comedy, they laughed, as Scrub says in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, "consumedly," their laughter was obviously without malice, as was the vigorous though ineffectual desire which they expressed at the fall of the curtain to see the dramatist who had unintentionally provided them with so much food for mirth.

Mr. Irving, who has been playing this week before large audiences in *Louis XI.* and *Charles I.*, takes to-night a long farewell of his London admirers. This, the closing night of the LYCEUM season, will, according to custom, be devoted to Mr. Irving's benefit; and, equally in accordance with precedent, this immensely popular actor and manager will deliver an address, which this time will be necessarily of more than ordinary interest.

It appears that Mr. Oscar Wilde has written a drama about Russian life and Russian secret societies, with a tremendous heroine in it, of whom the original is no other than the celebrated Mlle. Sassulitch. Originally this piece was to have been brought out at the ADELPHI Theatre in London; but the inflammatory nature of its politics appears to have alarmed even the author himself, who accordingly, for reasons of State, withdrew it at the last moment. The play, however, is to be produced in September, at the Union Square Theatre, New York, with a distinguished American actress, Miss Marie Prescott, in the part of the heroine. Its title is *Vera; or, The Nihilists*.

The Soldier's Wife is the name of the new romantic domestic drama by Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, now in preparation at the ADELPHI Theatre. Pending its production, Mr. Dion Boucicault's melodrama, *The Streets of London*, originally brought out twenty years ago, has been revived at this house. Mr. Charles Warner repeats his well-known impersonation of Badger, and the scene of the burning house is as popular as of yore.

The arrangements long pending for transferring the COURT Theatre to Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil as joint lessees and managers have at last been completed. As far as the patrons of the theatre are concerned the change will be merely nominal. The house, which will reopen about the end of September, will be devoted to the same class of entertainments as heretofore, namely, comedy and comedy drama.

The reconstructed CRITERION Theatre is to reopen early in October, under the management of Mr. Alexander Henderson, probably with a version of Offenbach's "Bouffonnerie Musicale," entitled *La Vie Parisienne*, originally produced in Paris about seventeen years ago.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—An entire change of programme was instituted on Tuesday evening, and served to introduce in the first part several pretty melodies of the well-known minstrel type, the most attractive being "Our Crew," "Tis a Voice in the Air," and "The Golden Choir." The latter was sung by Mr. Moore in his inimitable style, and had to be repeated. "Singing in the Salvation Army," "The Charlestown Blues," and "Something About Nothing; or, The Rain of Terror," were the principal items in the second part, all of which were entered into with the characteristic humour of this celebrated troupe.



THE SALE OF SETTLED ESTATES.—The two recent legal decisions in *Camden v. Murray*, and in *Thomas v. Williams*, are well calculated to alarm not only all holders of reversionary interests in landed estates, but also all settlers of such properties. In both these cases the objections of persons entitled in remainder have been over-ruled, and properties have passed for ever out of the hands of the families originally possessing them. "A good price" was the only real argument brought forward by the would-be sellers; and in the case of *Camden v. Murray* there has been but scant regard paid to the clause of the Estates Act, which provides for the veto of remainder-men on sales of the family mansion and ancestral estate. The benefits to residential ownership and supervision are not to be ignored, but it would be well for our Judges to remember that a remainder-man's interest in the family property is often of a character which admits of no monetary compensation.

Mr. JAMES HOWARD has shown considerable heat in his opposition to various clauses in the Agricultural Holdings Bill, and he has not been very successful in that opposition. On his most important amendment he was beaten by 275 to 35 votes; at the same time it is only fair to admit that there is considerable force in his contention that a farmer is in justice entitled to compensation for every improvement, which he can show to be an improvement and an addition to the value of the property. A schedule of what shall be considered improvements is an unsatisfactory and incomplete affair at best, and we think that, since disputes must come to valuers, the wisest policy would have been to have provided as strong a body of valuers as possible, and then left their hands free within the limits of Mr. Balfour's amendment, that is to say, of the farmer proving specific value added by him.

THE SITTING TENANT has found a sturdy supporter in Sir James Caird, but that advocate of his interests has apparently failed to perceive that, like the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, the sitting tenant is a man of "two capacities." A tenant whose agreement has run out, but who desires to continue in his holding, and whose landlord is willing to keep him, is an outgoing tenant on one agreement and an incoming tenant on a new agreement. As an incoming tenant he would have to pay the outgoing tenant (through the landlord) for the unexhausted value of his improvements. If, then, the landlord has to pay, he is in a worse position than if he took a new man, and he must either suffer a loss which the Bill never intended to inflict, or must raise the rent to recoup himself.

THE GREAT SHOW AT YORK was remarkable for four principal things: for the good show of cattle, considering Privy Council regulations; for the splendid display of sheep; for the large and interested attendance of people; and for the election to the Presidency of the Royal Society of Sir Brandreth Gibbs, who, five-and-thirty years before, had superintended the arrangements for the first "Royal" Show ever held at York. The Prince of Wales spent nearly all one day at the Show, and even of the weather it may be said that it was not so wet as usual. The Shire breed of horses appeared at the Royal Show for the first time, and presented in many cases a great resemblance to the Clydesdales. The Tamworth breed of pigs constituted another novelty of the Show. These animals are of a ruddy brown, and they have more of the characteristics of the old wild pigs than have any other breeds. York itself was so overcrowded during the Show, that the agricultural attendance overflowed into Harrogate, Leeds, and Scarborough.

THE ARABLE FARM COMPETITION AT YORK has proved successful, as eighteen entries gave the judges a good choice. Mr. Hutchinson, of the Manor, Catterick, was the farmer who succeeded in satisfying the judges of his claims to the first prize. It is pleasant to have to record this triumph of a farmer who, as an improver of shorthorns and also of hunters, has done no light service to agriculturists and sportsmen generally.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION would be much more forward than it is, if the examples of Lord Dalhousie in Forfarshire were to be

imitated. His lordship has recently established ten bursaries at ten pounds per annum apiece, tenable at any elementary public school within the county. The cardinal principles of agriculture will be taught under the supervision of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. There are other landowners in the county who may not improbably follow in the footsteps of Lord Dalhousie. Fortunate Forfar!

THE ORDER OF AGRICULTURAL MERIT recently established in France is one which might profitably be copied by Governments of countries where its honours would neither be distributed for political services "of the third class," or made so cheap that a Liberal contemporary, even, is fain to remark, it somewhat resembles "ruffles to a man that wants a shirt." The gardener, veterinary surgeon, sugar planter, and poultry breeder who have gained the French Order's honours are utterly unknown names, but a similar Order if established in England could form a goodly "chapter," even though membership were restricted to agriculturists of many years' standing, and of European reputation.

SHROPSHIRE.—The agriculturists of the county have resolved to represent to the Royal Agricultural Society the justice of increasing the sum of money devoted to the encouragement of the particular breed of sheep for which the shire is famous. At the York Show 126 Shropshire sheep were shown against 43 Leicesters and 61 Southdowns, yet the money prizes for Shropshires, Leicesters, and Southdowns were identical. The Show of the Royal Agricultural Society will be held next year at Shrewsbury, when Mr. Webb will give special prizes of 50 guineas for the best shearing Shropshire ram, and 50 guineas for the best pen of Shropshire ewes.

POTATO DISEASE, which the recent wet weather will, it is feared, encourage, is stated by Herr Jansen to be caused by a fungus which just attacks the tops of the plants, and is conveyed to the tubers by means of spores washed into the soil by rain. To prevent the infection of the tubers he recommends running a plough between the rows so as to turn up a furrow on the top of the hills, and then bending the plants over the furrow. This causes the water which washes the tops to run away from the hills. The furrowing should be done on the first appearance of the disease, and as a further precaution, the potatoes should not be dug for at least two or three weeks after the tops are entirely wilted.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—Why does the salmon take a fly? In the first place a salmon "fly" is not an imitation of a fly at all, and in the second it can hardly be taken for curiosity, seeing that the salmon will not take a bright piece of metal or other showy object placed at the end of the line. The matter has often been discussed, and the notes of a correspondent go a long way towards showing that what the salmon takes the "fly" for is a *shrimp*. Salmon, be it remembered, feed largely on shrimps before they leave the salt water.—A contemporary records a curious instance of a lark singing on a tree.—A white skylark has been shot near Evesham.—An English partridge has been discovered nesting in the thatch of a wheat stack twenty feet above the ground. The case is, as far as we know, unique.

MISCELLANEOUS.—We note with pleasure that the young Scot, who this year has carried off the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon, is a farmer, of Darnoch, in Sutherland.—Lord Tollemache has 250 cottagers on his Cheshire estate, and each of them keeps a cow.—A Goat Show will be held at Halifax on the 25th of August. Mr. Selwyn Dawson, of Thorpe-by-Halifax, will give full particulars, and we wish the Show every success. Goat-keeping is a branch of farming at present much neglected in England.—At the Dexter Park Shorthorn Sale two Bates-Barrington heifers fetched 1,605*l.*—At Inverness Fair the prices obtained for sheep were very high.—Mr. R. Loder, M.P., has sold a bull calf for 1,500*l.* The calf is by the forty-first Grand Duke out of the second Duchess of Whitebury.—Two horses, with a mowing machine, on Mr. Howse's farm at Cricklade have cut ten acres of grass in eleven hours. This is an astonishing feat, and one the performance of which is probably unprecedented.—Plymouth Horse Show has been revived, and the first of the new meetings, held last week, was very successful.



THE AGAR-ELLIS CASE came before the Court of Appeal on Tuesday. Mr. Agar-Ellis, a Protestant, married a Roman Catholic lady in 1864, and three children were born of the marriage. In 1878 Mr. Agar-Ellis, to prevent his children being educated as Roman Catholics, made them wards of Court. The second daughter, who is a Roman Catholic, was anxious to stay with her mother in the coming vacation, but Mr. Justice Pearson had refused this petition, and this was an appeal from his decision. The Master of the Rolls suggested as a compromise that the young lady should be allowed to see her mother once a fortnight, but this was refused by Mr. Agar-Ellis. Their lordships in giving judgment said the Court could only interfere with parental control in cases of immorality, cruelty, or caprice. None of these being proved, the petition must be dismissed.

IN THE CHANCERY DIVISION on Monday Mr. Justice Kay gave judgment in an administrative case arising out of the Guernsey law, by which marriage legitimises children born before wedlock. Colonel Andros left some money to be divided between the children of his deceased nephew, T. G. Andros, and the plaintiff, who was born previous to the marriage of his father and mother, claimed a share of the legacy as the legitimate son of T. G. Andros. His lordship gave judgment for the plaintiff, saying that, by international law, those children were legitimate whose legitimacy was fixed by the place of their domicile.

THE TEN RINGLEADERS OF THE STROME FERRY RIOTERS, who prevented the Highland Railway Company from receiving fish from two vessels at the Ferry on the ground that it was desecrating the Sabbath, were found guilty of rioting and mobbing. The jury strongly recommended them to mercy on account of their ignorance of the law and their strong religious convictions, and they were sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

WATER COMPANIES v. CONSUMERS.—An interesting case came before Mr. Biron at Lambeth Police Court on Tuesday. The plaintiff summoned the Lambeth Water Company for cutting off his water, when he had paid the rate up to September. On behalf of the Company, it was stated that the plaintiff had failed to put in the proper fittings, and thereby a waste of some hundred of gallons had occurred, and, moreover, the rate had only been paid up to June 24th. Mr. Biron dismissed the summons.

A CURIOUS CASE OF HUSBAND-BEATING was heard on Wednesday, at Marylebone Police Court, in which M. Le Cheminant, a jeweller, summoned his wife. It appeared that she had assaulted him several times, and was in the habit of pulling the bedclothes off him, and preventing him from sleeping. She frightened him by threatening to take poison, and tried to kill him with a fire-shovel. He took out a summons against her, but she tore it up, and served it up to him at dinner on a plate. Mr. De Rutzen said there were doubtless faults on both sides, and bound the prisoner over in her own recognizances of 25*l.* to be of good behaviour for three months.

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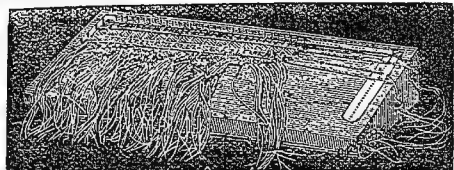
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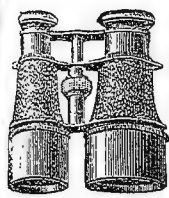
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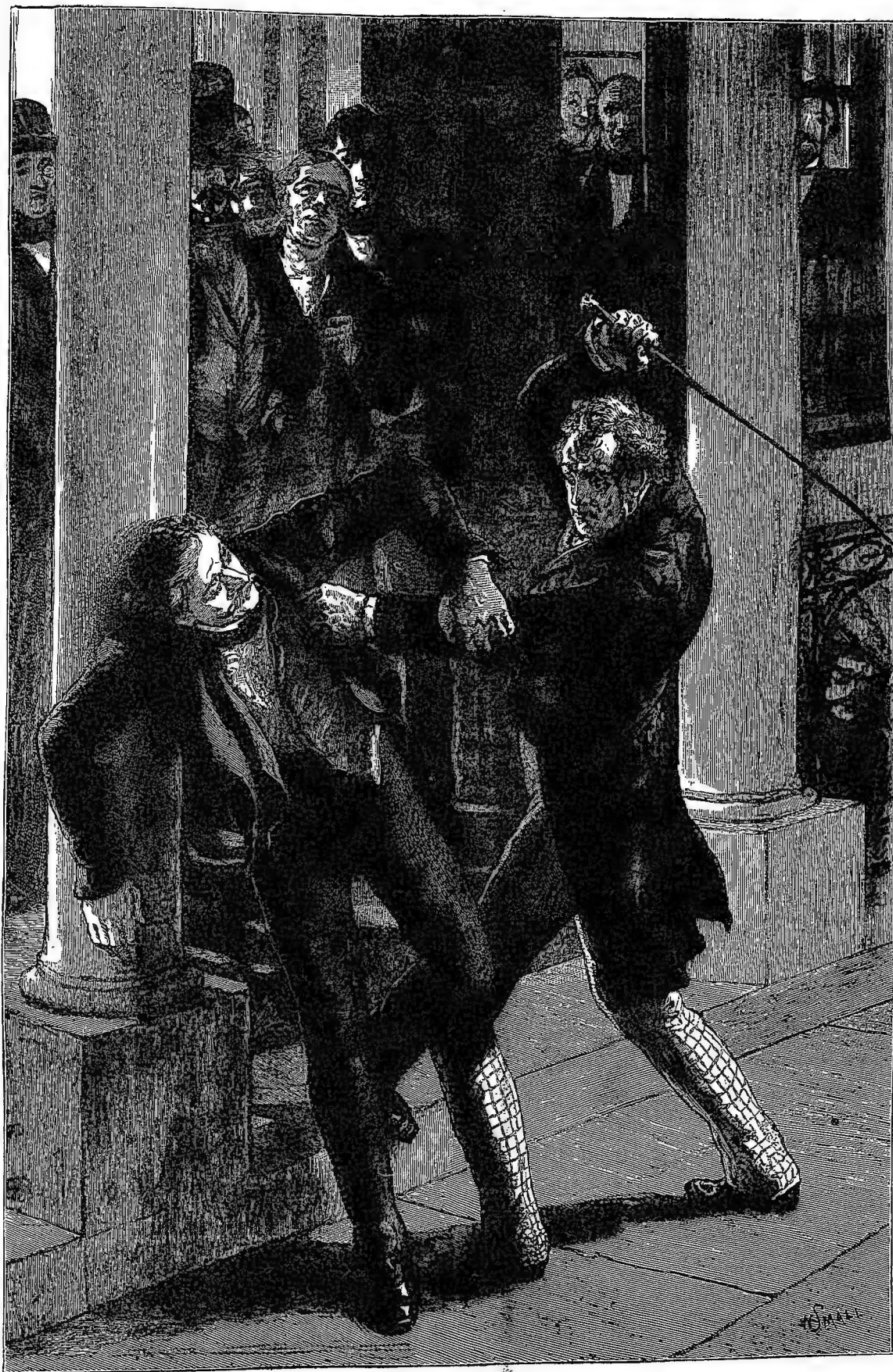
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CHAPTER VIII.

I AM INTRODUCED TO THE FAMILY SKELETON

It is the commonest thing in the world to hear people say that they would rather bear any pain themselves than see those whom they love bear it: such things are easily said. For my own part, certain reminiscences preclude me from making assertions of that kind; but, in common with the majority of mortals, I hate to witness suffering, and I think I hate even more to witness humiliation. Now, knowing every line of my uncle Bernard's face as I did, and every trick of feature and attitude belonging to him, I could see plainly enough, when he seated himself in his accustomed place by the fireside, that the communication which he had to make to me was one of shame as well as of sorrow; and I therefore devoutly hoped that he would blurt it out in a few words, and be done with it. But he was not a man who cared to spare himself, nor was it his habit to speak without deliberation. He sat looking silently at the fire for some minutes before he began, in the calm, measured tone which he always assumed when he was at all moved: "I have a long story to tell you, Charley." And then, after another pause: "I don't know whether it has ever crossed your mind to suspect that I might have a son living; but such is the case."

drive back from Yarmouth should have enlightened me as to its nature ; but, somehow or other, my conjectures had never brought me within sight of this solution, and its sudden announcement caused me a sharp pang. I can honestly say that my abrupt deposition from the rank of an Isaac to that of an Ishmael disturbed me very little ; but I was mortified by the thought that my uncle, who, as I had supposed, told me everything, had concealed a matter of such importance from me all my life, and the only word that I could get out by way of comment was a stupid " Oh ! "

" Yes," continued my uncle, who had not removed his eyes from the fire ; " an only son. You think I ought to have told you of this long ago, and perhaps you are right ; though there is something to be said upon the other side. Either way, I am not excusing myself. I can only make things intelligible by beginning at the beginning and going on to the end ; and if I might ask a favour of you, it would be to say nothing until I have finished."

He glanced at me for an instant with an odd, shamed look in his eyes, poor old fellow, and I nodded. Then immediately he turned his head away, and, staring at the glowing coals again, resumed :

" My son Harry was born about five and thirty years ago. As it soon became evident that he was to be an only child, it was not unnatural that we should have been wrapped up in him, or that we should have talked and thought more about him than about any other subject. His mother may have indulged him a little more

than was prudent, but she always gave way to me, and I was determined that the boy should not be spoiled. Then I lost her, and I had nothing but Harry left in the world to live for.

"I say that I had nothing else to live for, because at that time I accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and turned my back upon public life for ever—which was probably a foolish mistake on my part. However, I believed that I had done with ambition and pleasure, and my one wish was to do my duty to the boy. As a younger man I had unlimited confidence in theories, and my theory upon the subject of training was that the Alpha and Omega of it was discipline. I still think that this is sound enough as a theory, but what I had not learnt then was that in a world so full of paradox and unexpected turns as ours, theories must be made elastic enough to adapt themselves to subjects, and that subjects cannot by any manner of means be stretched so as to fit theories. I set to work upon Harry, and tried to make him understand that I represented inexorable justice quite as much as fatherly love. I never overlooked a fault, I never remitted a punishment, I never dared to be quite natural with the boy, or to let him suspect that I punished myself every time that I punished him—and unfortunately he required a good deal of punishment. Once he told me a lie, and I flogged him for it. I haven't a doubt but that this was the right thing to do, theoretically: but practically it happened to be quite the wrong thing. Instead of securing the boy's affection, I taught him to fear

and avoid me, and, worst of all, I did not cure him of telling lies. After that first time, he deceived me repeatedly, and I found him out; but I never flogged him again, because the instinct of self-preservation kept him from lying directly, and it was a part of my theory that offences which could not be proved must be ignored. Of course I saw that I had failed, but I persevered with the system that I had marked out for myself, all the same. You are saying to yourself, 'What a fool the man must have been!—what a prig!—what a stupid pedant!' Perhaps so; and yet I had taught the boy some good things. I had taught him to keep his temper, for instance, and to show physical courage when necessary, and to be punctual and cleanly. I don't know that my failure proves much, except that it takes a man of special gifts to make a schoolmaster.

"In due time the professional schoolmaster relieved me of a part of my duties, and then things went better. Harry was clever and quick at learning; besides which he was good at athletics. He was very much liked by his schoolfellows, and he brought home excellent reports from his masters; so that all the neighbourhood congratulated me, and gave me credit for being a wise and judicious parent. But only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches. I was not proud of Harry, because, unfortunately, I could not help seeing that he was not to be trusted, and I was not happy with him, because he disliked me. Neither could I overcome his dislike. I tried my best, but it was too late, I suppose, and we never became friends.

"I tell you all this in a matter-of-course sort of way; but it was a great grief to me at the time. Besides Harry, I had literally not a soul in the world to care for, for my brother Tom was away in India, and my mother was in Scotland with her husband, and I lived the life of a hermit. To him, naturally, our relations were not a matter of so much importance. He had plenty of friends of his own age, and during his holidays he was a great deal away from home. I made no objection to his staying with these young fellows, for I wished him to enjoy himself, and I believed that their society would do him more good than mine.

"So the years went on, and though there could not be much sympathy between us, I do not remember that we had more than one difference of any consequence. That was shortly before he left school, when he came with a very frightened face to tell me that he had been running up 'ticks' in Windsor and Eton, and didn't see how he was to pay. That in itself was no very dire offence, and seeing how ashamed of himself he looked, I made light of the matter, and assured him that if he would let me know what he owed and the names of his tradespeople, the money should be paid directly. Well, he didn't tell me the truth; there were more bills than he had led me to expect, and the amount of them was about double what he had mentioned. That again you may say was nothing so very terrible; people, under such circumstances, very rarely do tell the exact truth, and the chances are that they seldom know it. Still his needless duplicity vexed me, and when it transpired that he had borrowed what between boys was really a large sum of money from a schoolfellow, I fairly lost my temper, and gave him my opinion of his conduct in stronger language, perhaps, than the occasion warranted. You see, it hurt me to think that my son should have gone to a stranger to ask for money, instead of applying to me, for I had never given him any reason to suppose me niggardly, but I did not wish to reproach him with this so much as to read him a lesson which should prevent him from doing the same thing a second time. So I told him that no gentleman would have acted as he had done, and a good deal more to the like effect, which I ought not to have said, and which did not in the least produce the result that I intended. He listened to me without answering me back—he was a great deal too much alarmed of me, I am sorry to say, even to dream of doing that—but he grew sullen at last, and when I asked him to give me his word that he would not, under any circumstances, request a loan of a friend again, he gave it me, and then muttered, 'Not that it is much use my promising, though, for you never believe a word that I say.'

"Every now and then it happens that some one—probably without knowing what he is doing—says a thing which goes through one's heart like a knife. When the poor boy made that perfectly just charge against me, I could have fallen on my knees before him and implored his pardon. Unhappily, I knew him to be an habitual liar, but I had never thought that he suspected me of knowing it, and I saw now how cruel my manner must have been towards him, and how inevitable it was that he should shrink from a father who seemed to despise him. Perhaps, if I had said as much, it might have done some good; but I did not think it would be wise to do that; and, being unable to contradict him, I made no reply at all, but went away into my study, and was thoroughly miserable.

"Harry was not long with me at this time. He had made up his mind, some years before, that he would like to go into the Guards, and very soon after he left Eton he joined the battalion to which he had been gazetted. For about a year I heard nothing but good reports of him from all quarters. His Colonel, whom I knew something of, and who good-naturedly wrote me a line from time to time, praised him; he had some of his old schoolfellows for brother officers; he went a good deal into society, was much liked by the ladies, and led the sort of life which I suppose that young Guardsmen who have the gift of making themselves popular ordinarily lead. A man may employ his time better than in dancing, flirting, pigeon-shooting, and attending race-meetings; but then again he may employ it much worse; and if he have, as Harry had, an amount of intelligence decidedly above the average, such amusements are sure to pall upon him in the long run. I was quite content to wait, and let things take their course, and so long as the lad kept out of low company, and behaved himself like a gentleman, I asked nothing more of him. I did not even ask him to come and see me, knowing that it gave him no pleasure to do so; and, as a matter of fact, he never did come when he could find an excuse for remaining away.

"But after a time rumours began to reach me which made me uneasy. Harry was an excellent judge of a horse, and it was said that he was in the habit of turning his knowledge to account in ways which are not considered exactly dishonest, but which certainly do not tend to make a man respected. It also came to my ears that he was losing and winning large sums on the Turf—sums very much larger than either he or I could afford to risk. I had to write to him upon both of these subjects, and he sent me plausible replies, which I tried to believe, but did not succeed in believing. And then, to crown all, came a very awkward and unpleasant business, which would probably have obliged Harry to leave the service, if his Colonel had not rather stretched a point to befriend him. I never heard precise particulars of the affair, and they are of no importance: the bare facts were that Harry lost several thousand pounds at play one night, and repudiated the debt the next morning upon the plea that he had been so drunk as to have no recollection of what had taken place. That, stripped of superfluous flourishes, was what he communicated to me in a very penitent letter—written, I take it, when the general clamour had reached such a height that it was no longer possible to keep me in ignorance of it. No doubt you will think, as I did, that the excuse was worse than the offence; but I did not say this to him. I merely sent him the money, requesting him to pay what he owed forthwith, and expressing a hope that this would be a warning to him to let cards alone for the future. Meanwhile, there had been a terrible fuss in London, where the whole story had been made in a measure public, and where the tide of feeling set strongly against the defaulter. However, as I said, the Colonel took up the cudgels for Harry, declaring that the poor young fellow had fallen among rooks (which may have been true, for aught I know to the contrary); and when once the money was paid, this trouble soon blew over, and was forgotten.

So, at least, my good friend the Colonel assured me; but in truth troubles of that description are seldom quite forgotten. I heard afterwards that at this time the ladies with one consent showed Harry the cold shoulder, and that many of their husbands followed suit—as husbands are apt to do, according to my experience. Very likely this drove him into company which he might not otherwise have frequented. As for me, I could not at all forget what had happened, and for months afterwards I lived in constant dread of it, and my son had fallen into some fresh disgrace. Yet I hearing that my son had fallen into some fresh disgrace. Yet I never anticipated anything half so bad as the actual catastrophe which was about to fall upon us. There are things which must always seem impossible—even after they are over.

"You will understand that it is difficult to me to speak about this. I need say no more than that Harry was discovered cheating at cards. Of course that meant absolute, irremediable ruin. If it had happened quietly, and among his brother-officers, it is just possible that, out of good nature, and for the credit of the regiment, they would have hushed the thing up, and allowed him to sneak out of the service, and hide his head anywhere that he pleased; but it took place at a well-known club, and the man who detected him pulled him into St. James's Street, and thrashed him before a dozen witnesses. All London was talking about it the next day, and all England knew of it the day after. The newspapers were full of the scandal; leading articles were written upon it; no disgrace could have been more complete or more public. The unhappy wretch crept down here to tell me that he had been cashiered, and crouched before me, looking as if he thought I should strike him—perhaps he did think so.

"I don't know, Charley, what you would have done, or what other men would have done, in my place; but what I did was this. I told him that, after what had occurred, it was quite impossible that he should ever show his face in the county again, or that he should succeed me as owner of a property which had hitherto been held only by gentlemen. The entail having, fortunately, been cut off, I was in a position to dictate terms upon that point. I promised to pay him thenceforth an annual sum sufficient for his needs, upon the understanding that he should never make any attempt to see me again, and I suggested that he should go to one of the colonies. He objected to this, however, preferring a residence upon the Continent, and I did not press the point. There was nothing more to be said, and the left the house for the last time that same evening."

"And have you never seen or heard of him since?" I asked, after my uncle had remained for some minutes without speaking.

"I have never seen him since," he answered quietly. "I have heard of him more than once; but always indirectly. It is extremely unlikely that we shall ever meet face to face again."

There was a long pause. My uncle, who had not once lifted his eyes to mine during the course of his narrative, was leaning back in his chair now, and looking at me much as usual. He seemed exhausted; but I could see by the expression of his face that he felt the relief of having accomplished a painful task; and I saw also that he expected me to make some remark upon what I had been told. Obviously, it behoved me to say something; but what I was to say I hardly knew, and for the first time, perhaps, in my life, I found myself out of sympathy with my old man. He seemed to have been so unlike himself in his dealings with his unfortunate son; his conduct throughout had been, according to his own account, so very nearly the opposite of what I should have expected it to be, that I was disappointed as well as puzzled. I quite understood that he should assume a more or less cold and indifferent manner, and I knew that he would represent his own behaviour in the least favourable light; but there was no getting over the facts, and I could not help thinking that he had been harsh and ungenerous, if he had not been positively unjust. At last, in default of any more pertinent observation, I said:—"You must have been very lonely after he went away."

"I don't know that it ever occurred to me to consider my situation from that point of view," answered my uncle, with a faint smile; "but if I was lonely, it was not for very long. I had scarcely lost one son before I found another in yourself. I adopted you, as you know, and I hope that, in bringing you up, I did not fall into the same fatal errors as I had done before. I have tried, at all events, to avoid them. And now I must explain to you what you have unquestionably a right to know—the nature of your position and prospects. I have never given you to understand that you would inherit this place at my death; yet it is possible—probable, indeed,—that you will. It was certainly my intention when I adopted you that you should succeed me at Thirlby, my natural heir being as good as dead; but I would not make my decision irrevocable; nor can I make it so now, in spite of the urgency of my friends and yours. I admit that this is a little hard upon you; but I am sorry to say that I can't see my way to acting otherwise, and I hope in any case to be able to leave you a substantial addition to your own small fortune."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that!" I exclaimed, feeling sore and resentful, without any very good reason for feeling so. "I don't want to be the owner of Thirlby; I never thought in my life about whether you would leave me money or not; and I hate to discuss your death in that cold-blooded manner. Don't you know that to lose you would be the greatest misfortune that could possibly happen to me?"

"My dear Charley," answered my uncle, "you may have—and, unless you are very exceptionally lucky, I am afraid you certainly will have—many a worse misfortune than that before your time comes to die. In the natural course of things I shall step off the stage one of these days, and by that time you will see, maybe, that there is nothing to lament over in an old man's going to his rest; though I don't anticipate your adopting the opinion of my mother, who says you will have a right to curse my memory if I don't leave you every acre of which I am possessed. My mother is more convinced than convincing in her views. For years she never lost an opportunity of impressing upon me that it was my duty to 'let bygones be bygones,' as she called it, and to reinstate Harry in the position which he had forfeited; but now you have made a conquest of her heart, and she is in a terrible fright lest I should die intestate, and the question of succession be settled by the law of the land. The Rector holds a brief for the other side. He has a great deal to say, and says it very well, about abstract justice and parental responsibility; and I am sure it has never struck him that I must know every word of it by heart from having said it all to myself in years gone by. Where he and my mother agree is in deprecating suspense. 'Let the thing be decided once for all, in this way or in that,' they say; and then, as I only hold my tongue, they get angry and call me names."

"Uncle Bernard," I began, hesitatingly; "would you mind my saying what I think?"

"I should like you to say what you think," he answered. "Well, then," I resumed, "I know that Mrs. Farquhar's opinion isn't worth much, and the Rector, I dare say, is not over-wise, and of course neither of them is fit to advise you. Still, it does seem to me that she was right at first, and that he is right now. One calls a fellow who cheats at cards a blackguard, and so he is, I suppose; but this happened a long time ago, and he must have been very young then, and—and—don't you think he might have another chance given him? I am not such an ass as to pretend to tell you what your duty is; only I fancy that you may have been a little too severe upon this poor chap just because he was your own son. I feel sure that, if it had been any one else, you would have been the first person in the world to forgive and forget."

I fully meant what I said, and I said what I meant from no other motive than that I did mean it; nevertheless, I must admit that I was conscious of acting a disinterested part; and I was altogether taken aback when my uncle, instead of looking pleased with me, started to his feet with an impatient gesture, and a flash of genuine anger in his mild blue eyes.

"Forgive and forget!" he exclaimed; "have you known me all your life, Charley, only to say such a foolish thing as that? Am I vindictive? Have you ever known me bear malice against any one who had offended or injured me?"

I shook my head, somewhat abashed.

"Or do you suppose," my uncle went on, "that I, of all people in the world, have the pretension to forgive another man's sins? I thought you would have understood—I thought it would not be necessary to point out to you in so many words that I am doubly disgraced by Harry's ruin. Disgraced, not only because my name has been dragged down into the dirt by my son, but because I failed to make such a disaster impossible. Consider the tremendous risk involved in cheating at cards, and the very small gain, in proportion to it, that a successful cheat can hope to make. Surely you must see how terribly wrong must have been my management of a young man who, rather than ask me for a few hundreds, or even thousands, would play so desperate a game as that! And if I could say to such a one, 'I forgive you from the bottom of my heart. The sin may have been yours, but the cause of the sin was mine; let us cry quits, and start afresh!' do you think I would not say it, and shake off a part, at least, of the load of remorse which I have been carrying about all these years, and which I must carry to my grave—and beyond it?"

He paused, drawing his breath quickly; then resumed his seat, and went on in a calmer tone: "I told you before that I don't know what you, or any one else, would have done in my place: I had to act as seemed to me right; and if it were to do over again, I could not act differently. It is easy to forgive an injury; but it is only in certain cases that one can blot out an offence. There are sins as bad as, or worse than, Harry's, which it is perfectly possible to condone. A man may run away with his neighbour's wife, for instance, and resume his place in society when he chooses, if he will only show his penitence by deserting her. With regard to Turf transactions again, he may sail very near the wind indeed, and be pardoned; and there are many other slippery places through which he may walk with a tolerable certainty of being able to emerge from them in due season. But he must not be caught with a card up his sleeve, and publicly thrashed. A man to whom such a thing as that has happened is a dead man, and no living being can resuscitate him. This, I know, is only conventional morality. I am not concerned to make an apology for it; though I think that, if you come to look into them, there is more to be said for the world's conventional rules of conduct than some people are willing to allow. What is certain is that, being in the world, we must submit to its standards. What was it in my power to do for Harry? Could I have kept him with me here, in the vain hope that at last he might live his disgrace down. Why, he would never have had the chance of living it down. There is not a man in the county who would have spoken to him—at all events not a gentleman who would. To the very last day of his life he would have been pointed out as the man who —, &c., &c. Neither he nor I could have borne it."

"Oh, no," I agreed; "you couldn't have attempted that."

"Well?"

"And I should have thought a compromise might have been made. I should have thought that, after having been away for a great many years, he might have been allowed to come back. Scandals are forgotten, you know; and I suppose it is pretty certain that he would do nothing to remind people of the one that he caused."

My uncle did not answer just at once. "I have done my best to consider the whole question dispassionately," he said, at length, "and I have never been able to think that it would be at all possible for Harry to recover his position. It is not likely that you and I shall ever talk again as we are doing now, and, while we are about it, it is as well to say all. I have always felt that, if I had understood the lad better, I could have averted this terrible misfortune, and I don't desire to lessen my share of the responsibility; but it would be absurd to blink the fact that my errors of judgment will not account for everything. I have only too good reason to know that he is by nature cowardly, deceitful, and unprincipled. Theoretically, one is bound to believe that it is never too late to mend; but all experience shows that there are certain natures—characters—whatever you like to call them—which never do mend, and I believe that his is one of them. When the crash came he was not ashamed; only frightened to death. He went away, hardly concealing his satisfaction at having got off so cheaply. Since then he has made no sort of effort to retrieve himself. I know where he is now, and I know, more or less accurately, the kind of life that he is leading. I believe his case to be an absolutely hopeless one. Nevertheless I will not say decidedly that he shall not be my heir. Of course I have made my will; and if I were to drop down dead to-morrow you would inherit everything, except a sum sufficient to produce the interest upon which Harry is now living, and which I have left in the hands of trustees for his use. But it is within the bounds of possibility that I may alter my will; and for that you must be prepared. There is just the shadow of a shade of hope that Harry might distinguish himself in some public manner, so as to wipe out in a measure his past disgrace. That is a very forlorn hope, still it must be taken into account. There is another hope, scarcely less forlorn, and that is that he might marry (though I cannot imagine that any lady would marry him), and that he might have children. In such a case, it would be a question whether I should be justified in shutting out my grandson from the estate. Now, Charley, you see how the matter stands; you see that, so far as you are concerned, you will have to shape your course so as to meet possible chances rather than probabilities; and you also see, I hope, that the less the miserable business is referred to between us in future the better."

I signified my assent, and a long interval of silence followed.

"It can't help feeling sorry for the poor beggar," I said at last. "I can't be forbidden to you to be sorry for him," answered my uncle a little coldly. I was almost angry with him for the moment; but when I looked at his poor old sad face, as he sat patiently there by the fireside, my irritation turned to pity, and I could not resist the impulse to get up and lay my hand on his shoulder.

"I'm awfully sorry for you too," I said.

He jumped up, and began poking the fire. "Oh, well—thank you, Charley," he answered briskly, "but you see I have grown accustomed to it—and there are plenty of enjoyments in life, after all. Life is not all tragedy, fortunately; and we couldn't make it so, even if we would." He turned round, with that faint smile of his playing about the corners of his mouth and eyes. "Perhaps," he said, "you are not likely to fall into the error of taking too tragic a view of life." And then—"By the way, the Rector tells me that Oxford is going to turn out the weakest crew this year that ever disgraced the University. I trust that is a calamity."

I replied that the Rector obviously did not know what he was talking about, and showed how impossible it was that he, or any one else, could be in a position to judge a crew which had not yet been formed; but although we discussed the subject with much gravity for the next five minutes, I was unable to rouse myself to that degree of interest in it which it merited, and when my uncle observed that I was sleepy and had better go to bed, I did not contradict him, unfounded as the assertion was.

He spoke a few last words as he bade me good night. "Now, we have had our talk and it is all over. We may have to refer to it again some day; but it is much more probable that we shall never be compelled to do so. You are startled and a little puzzled just now; but that will pass. You won't forget it, I hope; you will soon cease to think about it, I know. And that is just what I should wish."

(To be continued)

THE ROYAL MINT

ENGLAND differs from nearly all other countries in having but one Mint. It is true that coinages for foreign States are struck by private contractors at Birmingham; but the only Royal Mint is close to the Tower of London, either in or near to which fortress it has been situated for centuries—certainly since the reign of Edward the First. The present building, shown in front elevation in the drawing No. 5, was erected in 1810, from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke, on the spot where the Victualling Office formerly stood on Little Tower Hill. It is a handsome building, and but few people know how picturesque it is as seen through the trees of the Tower gardens. "The machinery and steam-engines by which the operative parts are to be performed" were, as an account published at the time pointed out, "constructed under the direction of John Rennie, Esq., engineer, and by Messrs. Boulton and Watt, of the famous Soho Works;" so that, as the account adds, the country "will possess a Mint unrivalled in point of elegance, utility, and perfection, and upon a scale equal to any coinages that a great, wealthy, and commercial nation may require;" and, in fact, the "Royal Mint of the United Kingdom may be considered to be the most perfect establishment of its kind in the world." In the early part of the century it was, no doubt, all that had been claimed for it; but certain parts of its machinery were allowed to fall sadly behind the times, and it is only recently that improvements, so much needed and so strongly advocated, have been introduced.

In 1881 a Select Committee of the House of Commons expressed the opinion "that advantage should be taken of the present position of the Bank of England in respect to its stock of gold coins, to make at once the necessary improvements in the buildings and machinery of the Mint." The result has been that, although many of the defects of the old building remain, the public may fairly be congratulated on the settlement of a question which has been so long under consideration, and on having a department that is now in a position to meet all the demands which may be made upon it. The greatest care has been exercised in devising and selecting the new machinery, and there is reason to hope that it worthily represents the advances made in mechanical science since the early part of the century, when, as has already been stated, the greater part of the old machinery was erected. The Mint is therefore just now of special interest, and the drawings we publish fairly illustrate the conditions under which its work is at present carried on.

It should be added that the department is directed by the Deputy Master, the Hon. C. W. Fremantle, C.B., by whom the recent improvements have been effected. The establishment is divided into two main departments, the Mechanical and the Chemical, which are entrusted respectively to Mr. R. A. Hill, the Superintendent of the Operative Department, and to Professor W. Chandler Roberts, F.R.S., Chemist of the Mint.

With regard to the operations incidental to the conversion of bullion into coin, it may be well to state at the outset that both the precious metals come to the Mint in the form of ingots, those of gold weighing 200 ounces (each ingot being worth about 800*l.*), while silver is in larger blocks of about 1,000 ounces. The ingots are received in the Mint Office, where they are weighed, and after the gold or silver has been submitted to the delicate operation of assaying, it is sent to the melting house, where it is melted, together with the amount of copper necessary to form the standard prescribed by law, and is cast into bars about eighteen inches long and three-eighths of an inch thick. The Illustration No. 1 shows the interior of the silver-melting house. The arrangements of the gold-melting house are somewhat different, but in both the precious metal is melted in crucibles made up of a mixture of clay and black lead known as "plumbago pots." As, however, the operations are closely allied, it will be sufficient to limit our attention to the melting of silver. There are eight furnaces, four on each side of the room; the fuel used is coke, and each crucible holds about three thousand ounces of the silver-copper alloy, which contains 925 parts of pure silver in 1,000 parts of the mixture. The fusion of the alloy requires a temperature which may be roughly estimated as about eight times that of boiling water, and, when the fusion is complete, the thorough incorporation of the silver and copper is effected by stirring with a sort of mace of plumbago. The metal is then poured into moulds from the crucible, which, as shown in the sketch, is held in a cradle, the tilting of the crucible being effected by a handle acting on the cradle through the intervention of a series of toothed wheels. In the case of gold, the casting into moulds is effected in much the same way, only the crucibles are simply held by tongs and not supported by machinery. The gold or the silver when it has become solid is removed from the moulds, and then constitutes "bars" for coinage. These bars have their edges trimmed, and after they have been assayed to ensure that the correct standard has been attained, they pass forward to the rolling rooms, of which there are now two, one of them being shown in Illustration 2. The bars are passed in succession through a series of six rolls, until the metal has been extended into long strips or "fillets." The whole of the subsequent operations of coinage depend on the accuracy with which the rolling is conducted, but it is difficult to convey to readers who are not familiar with minute measurements a notion of the skill and accuracy required. It is therefore necessary to point out that, although the exact weight of each coin is prescribed by law, a certain small variation, or "remedy" as it is called, above or below the standard weight, is permitted, because it is impossible to ensure mathematical precision in the case of every coin. A sovereign, for instance, should weigh 123.27 grains, and the working remedy is 0.17 of a grain, which would be represented by a piece of gold wire, the diameter of a small ordinary pin, and only one-tenth of an inch in length. In rolling, therefore, the one-tenth-thousandth part of an inch becomes a sensible fraction of the thickness of a fillet from which discs for coins have to be cut. It may be added that the fillets are in some cases "annealed" to soften them, as the repeated passage through the rolls renders the metal extremely hard. In some cases, also, the final adjustment of the thickness of the fillets is effected by drawing them between two fixed cylinders of steel, a process analogous to wire-drawing. The fillets then pass to the machine for cutting "blanks," which forms the subject of the Illustration No. 3. The cutting-out press was until recently a very cumbersome appliance, but its essential part now consists of two vertical steel cylinders which can be moved rapidly up and down by an "eccentric," so as to fit, at each down-stroke of the machine, into holes in a steel plate fixed on the bed. The "fillet" from which the "blanks" are to be cut is interposed between the cylinders and the perforated plate, consequently at each down-stroke two "blanks" are cut in the width of the fillet, and pass through the holes into a receptacle below the machine. During the upstroke the fillet is advanced by a ratchet wheel, and two more blanks are then cut. The result is, that in the case of all denominations of coin the fillet, after the removal of the blanks, is converted into a perforated strip, termed *scissel*, which constitutes about thirty per cent. of the metal operated upon, and has to be returned to the

melting house. Such strips of *scissel* are shown by the side of the machine.

The blanks then have their edges turned up, and they pass to the annealing room, shown in Illustration No. 4, the object being to soften the blanks before they are struck into coins. This is effected by introducing the blanks in receptacles of plumbago into a reverberatory furnace. The blanks, after they have been heated to cherry redness, may be rapidly cooled by plunging them in water, which renders it necessary to dry them in sawdust, as is shown in Illustration No. 6. It is the practice in the case of the smaller denominations of silver coin to ensure by "pickling" or "blanching" that the appearance of the coins shall not be impaired by the oxidation which it is difficult to avoid in the process of annealing. When this has to be done, the coins are plunged into a weak solution of acid, which, by removing the copper, leaves a film of pure silver on the surface. The process is a very ancient one, and by its aid silver coins containing much copper may be made superficially to look like coins of greater value, and for this cause the "re-blanching" of old silver pennies was forbidden in the reign of King John.

The blanks are now ready for the coining press, and in no department of the Mint has a greater change been effected than in the room shown in Illustration No. 8. It may be well to explain, therefore, that in early times the impression was imparted to discs of metal by the aid of a die struck by a hammer. The "Mouton," or falling block, first replaced the hammer, and the "Mouton" was succeeded by the "balancier." This machine, which closely resembles an ordinary copying-press, was introduced into England in 1561 under the name of the "Mill and Screw." In 1662 new machinery by Blondeau, of Paris, was erected in the English Mint, but manual labour was not applied to coining in the Mint until the screw-press of James Watt was adopted. These screw-presses remained in use until last year, and visitors to the Mint will remember the deafening noise with which they worked. They were entirely replaced in 1882 by the so-called lever presses invented in 1839 by Uhorn, which work with comparative silence, and impart the impression simultaneously to the obverse, reverse, and edge of the coin by a squeeze, as distinguished from the blow given by the old press. There are fourteen of the new presses of the form shown in Illustration 8, and coins are produced by them at about the rate of 130 a minute.

The coins are then ready to be weighed individually by the thirty automatic weighing machines shown in Illustration 9. These machines have always possessed great interest, even for those who are familiar with the more delicate forms of mechanism. It is impossible to explain their action without the aid of a diagram, and all we can say is that they divide the coins into "light," "heavy," and "good," the latter alone being permitted to pass into circulation. These machines turn readily with the one hundredth part of a grain, and it is at this stage that any imperfections in the rolling are reflected in the weight of the finished coin. The concluding operations (Illustration 7) in the Operative Department consist in "ringing" the coin on a block of iron in order that defects arising from minute fissures in the coin may be detected. The coins are also examined for defects in workmanship, by distributing them over an endless band which brings both "heads" and "tails" under inspection of a workman, as is also shown in Illustration 7. In addition to the operations already described, the precious metals are assayed at various stages of their conversion into coin. Both the bullion and coin are also weighed on balances shown in Illustration 10. These balances are very delicate, and will turn readily with the one-thousandth part of an ounce when the pans of the balance bear weights of over 1,200 ounces.

All the machines are driven by two of three compound vertical engines by Messrs. Maudslay, Sons, and Field, each engine being of 60 nominal horse-power. Two are regularly at work when all the machinery is in use, and the third is kept in reserve in case of accident.

It is satisfactory to know that, for the first time since the early part of the century, the mechanical appliances now in use will compare favourably with those of any other Mint.



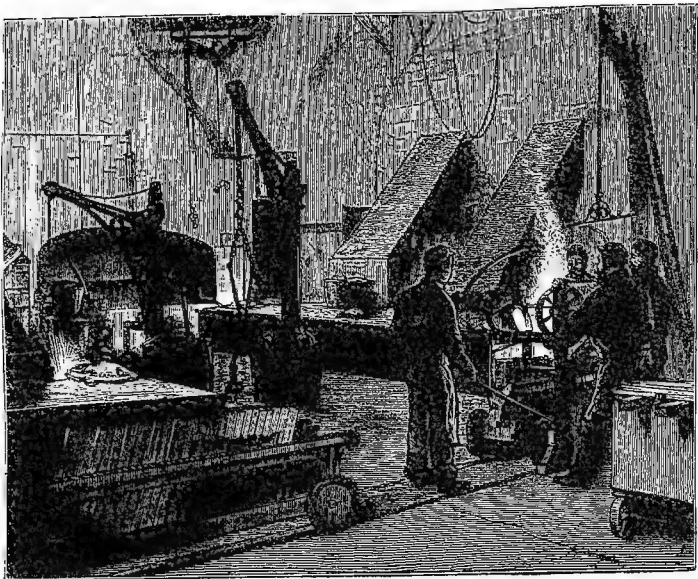
It is doubtless correct to believe that the "Eminent Women Series" now being issued by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. under the capable editorship of Mr. John H. Ingram was suggested by the success of the "English Men of Letters Series" of Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The latter are admirable monographs by the best living men writers, and it is evidently intended that the former shall be authoritative books by the best among our younger women writers. Miss Mathilde Blind tells us in "George Eliot," the first volume of the new series, that George Eliot had a theory that the contributions of Frenchwomen to literature surpass in value those of Englishwomen, because, while the former have had the courage of their sex, and have relied upon their own thoughts and experience, the slower Englishwomen have been content to imitate masculine models. The subject is one of not a little interest, and this allusion to it on the first page of Miss Blind's book naturally sets the reader speculating on what is to come. He wonders whether the ladies who are contributing to the new series will, by their writings, help to corroborate or to refute George Eliot's theory. What specifically feminine element are we to expect from these ladies in their treatment of their famous sisters; what new light will be thrown upon the characters of George Eliot, of Emily Brontë, of George Sand; what subtle and peculiarly feminine criticisms shall we enjoy? Perhaps biography lends itself less readily than more imaginative writing to the display of womanly genius (if indeed genius has any sex); for certainly the reader who is tempted to think that in the new "Eminent Women Series" he will find anything that is new in criticism or treatment will be so far disappointed. Nevertheless there is much to enjoy, much to instruct, in the new volumes. In preparing them it is probable that Miss Blind and Miss Bertha Thomas have been met by equal though opposite difficulties; Miss Blind in writing of George Eliot being troubled by the extreme paucity, and Miss Thomas in writing on George Sand being overwhelmed by the extreme superabundance of materials for biography. During George Eliot's life little that was authentic was known of her early circumstances, and later events made the publication of any biography difficult. It is therefore probable that many will learn the story of George Eliot's life for the first time from Miss Blind's exact and sympathetic narrative. Miss Blind has had the advantage of intercourse with many who knew George Eliot intimately in her early life. She has therefore been enabled to present us with a very full and extremely interesting account of her intellectual development; of her early friendships and surroundings; her religious difficulties; her first attempts in literature—the translations and criticisms to which she gave her attention, before she discovered that her strength lay in fiction. About half Miss Blind's book is devoted to biography proper, and about half to criticism of George Eliot's novels and poetry. No page of this interesting monograph should be skipped. It shows us that Miss Blind can write strong and simple prose as well as melodious poetry. Of George Sand ("the greatest idealist, as George Eliot was the greatest realist, of her

sex," says Miss Blind), Miss Bertha Thomas writes in a no less satisfying manner. If, from the nature of the case, there is little new to be told, what is said is said well. The record of George Sand's work runs side by side with the record of her life, and of both we gain a clear impression. There is plenty of sympathy in Miss Thomas's book; but at the same time there is impartiality and justice.—"Emily Brontë," by Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, is the third of the "Eminent Women Series" yet published. Miss Robinson's literary career has been watched with interest. Her essays, her tales, her novel have been eagerly read by those who thought they recognised a new voice in her earliest poems. But few, we fancy, even of those who follow most closely the literary events of our time, were prepared for a book of such power and breadth, such imagination and such eloquence as that which Miss Robinson has now given us. Much has been written about the Brontës; and after what has been said by Mrs. Gaskell, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. T. Wemyss Reid it would at first sight appear that room had not been left for a new and independent work on Emily Brontë. But no such thought will remain after Miss Robinson's book is closed. Differ from some of her views as we may (especially from the too great insistence on the Branwell tragedy, as the real inspiring cause of "Wuthering Heights") we cannot but admit that the book was needed; or rather that it satisfies a need of the existence of which we first become conscious through it. Mrs. Gaskell has done everything that is necessary for Charlotte Brontë; but, as Mr. Swinburne has lately well said, the character of Emily perplexed her sister's biographer, and her delineation of Emily is ill-defined. Miss Robinson has supplemented Mrs. Gaskell's portrait of the eldest by a minute study of the character of the second sister. Space forbids detailed criticism here. We must content ourselves by saying that it is long since a biography combining such vivid insight with such power and richness of style has been given to the public.

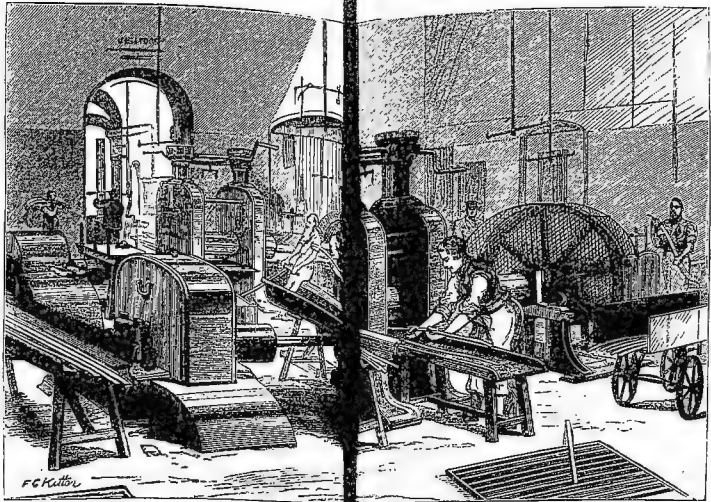
From the records of women of genius whose names and works are familiar throughout the world, we turn to the story of the life of a youth of rare talent, destined had he lived to take a high place in the literature of our land. Oliver Madox Brown, whose biography by Mr. John H. Ingram (Elliot Stock) is now before us, was the son of Mr. Ford Madox Brown, the well-known artist. At a remarkably early age he showed an altogether peculiar talent for drawing; at thirteen he wrote sonnets which might be acknowledged without shame by the modern masters of that poetic form; between sixteen and seventeen he wrote "The Black Swan," which has been called "the most remarkable prose story ever penned by a youth of that age." His last romance was "The Dwale Bluth," a story left unfinished, but showing extraordinary power in the delineation of passion, and scarcely less extraordinary command of humour. A bright record for a youth who died at twenty-one! It may, perhaps, be permitted to a reviewer to wonder why the biography of this rarely gifted youth was not written by one of the numerous friends who knew him during life, and who cherish (to quote the words of Mr. Richard Garnett) sweet memories of "the peculiar charm of his character, its sweetness and manliness, its alliance of the most daring originality to the most exquisite ingenuousness;" and one thinks naturally of his intimate friend Mr. Philip Bourke Marston as one who could have ably and tenderly treated the life and work of Oliver Madox Brown. For Mr. Ingram did not know the subject of his memoir; and though his work is carefully executed, and is, indeed, full of interest from cover to cover, it lacks the personal knowledge which adds warmth and life to such a record as this. The book is enriched with several illustrations—portraits of the young poet-artist himself, and autotype reproductions of two of his pictures. Memorial sonnets by Dante Rossetti, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. P. B. Marston, and others, show in what estimation Oliver Madox Brown was held by the friends who could best judge of his extraordinary powers.

The newest cookery-books are "American Dishes and How to Cook Them," from the Recipes of an American Lady (T. Fisher Unwin); and "Choice Recipes," by Lady Sarah Lindsay (Bentley and Son). The former will afford useful hints to those on the look-out for novelties in English cookery; and some of Lady Sarah Lindsay's recipes should satisfy the most fastidious epicure. We also note a new edition of "Margaret Sim's Cookery Book" (Blackwood and Sons).—"The Mineral Waters of Europe," by Drs. C. R. C. Tichborne and Prosser James (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox), will probably become the standard work on this subject. Chemical analyses are given of all the important springs, and the work is planned and carried out with the utmost completeness. From the same publishers we have received the fifth edition of Dr. Prosser James's little book, "Vichy, and Its Therapeutical Resources."—Three "Handbooks," issued in connection with the Great International Fisheries Exhibition, are before us:—"Zoology and Food Fishes," by George Bond Howes; "The Fishery Laws," by Frederick Pollock; and "British Marine and Freshwater Fishes," by W. Saville Kent. All are published by Messrs. William Clowes and Sons, Limited.—The most recent addition to "cycling" literature are "Over the Pyrenees on a Bicycle," by A. M. Bolton (Strand Publishing Company), a chatty account of what must have been a very pleasant trip; and "Bicycles and Tricycles Past and Present," by Charles Spencer (Griffith and Farran).—A series of surprisingly cheap guide-books to places in England and on the Continent are issued by Mr. F. E. Longley. They cost only a penny each, are well printed, and contain numerous illustrations!—"The Royal Navy List" (Witherby and Co.) for the current quarter is now out. It is a model of accuracy and completeness. This quarter appears a list of the decorations and rewards to the whole of the officers engaged in the Egyptian War—from the admiral to the boatswains.—Mr. William Leighton Jordan's "Standard of Value" (David Bogue) has reached a third edition. We have before pointed out that this book is an exceedingly able argument in favour of bi-metallicism, and as the bi-metallic controversy is one which must daily grow in acuteness it is safe to recommend Mr. Jordan's book as a trustworthy statement of one side of the question. It is a pity that Mr. Jordan was not able to refer to Mr. Goschen's recent letters and speeches on this extremely important question.—A Secularist magazine for children seems a startling sign of our strange times. Such a thing exists in "Our Corner," edited by Annie Besant (Freethought Publishing Company). Mr. Bradlaugh writes the "Political Corner," Dr. Aveling criticises the new plays, and poems by James Thomson are reprinted. One of the articles begins thus: "Thomas Paine was a real hero. To you, children, will I tell the story of his life. . . . By hero I mean one who is so much truer, braver, nobler, than his fellows, that they see in him an image of what they might become!"—Lastly we have to notice the two newest birthday-books—"The Bright Birthday Book," by John Alfred Langford, LL.D. (Simpkin Marshall and Co.), and the "Henry Irving Birthday Book," compiled by Viola Stirling (George Routledge and Sons). The force of folly in birthday-books could scarcely go further than in the first-named of these. That any man with the smallest sense of incongruity could set himself to compile such an absurd book is, indeed, amazing. On the other hand, the Irving book ought to be popular (despite its gruesome engravings) among the many admirers of our tragedian. Its quotations are all from plays in which Mr. Irving has at some time appeared, and the dates of his first appearances in new characters are carefully noted. The little volume has, therefore, not a little biographical interest.

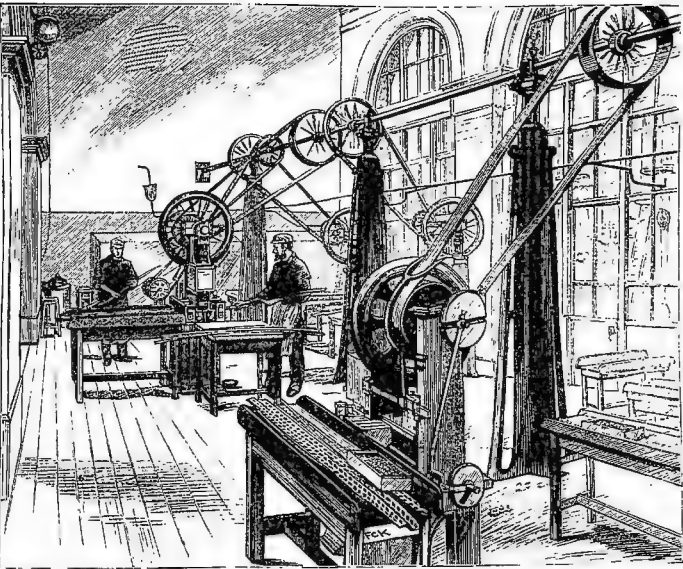
We have received the official map of Epping Forest (Edward Stanford, Charing Cross) showing the area acquired by the City for the benefit of the community, which was opened by Her Majesty



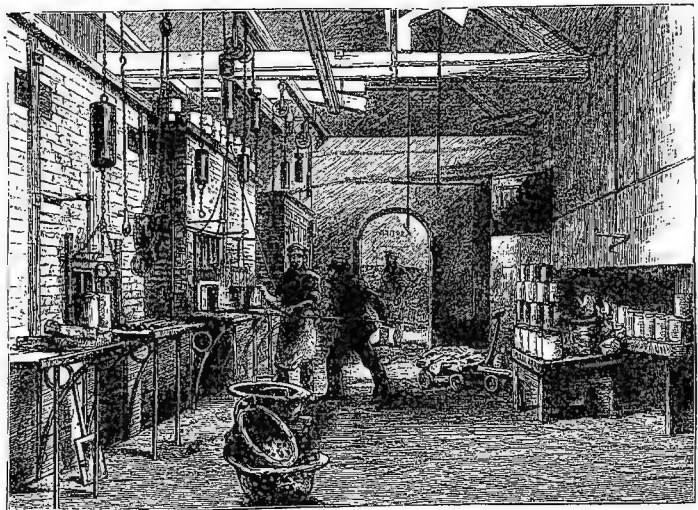
INTERIOR OF THE SILVER MELTING HOUSE



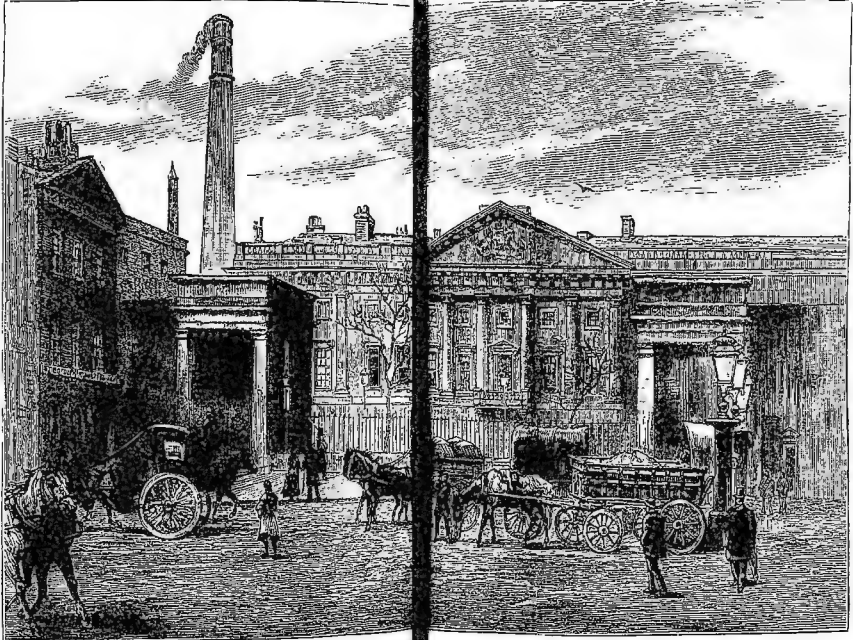
ONE OF THE ROLLING ROOMS



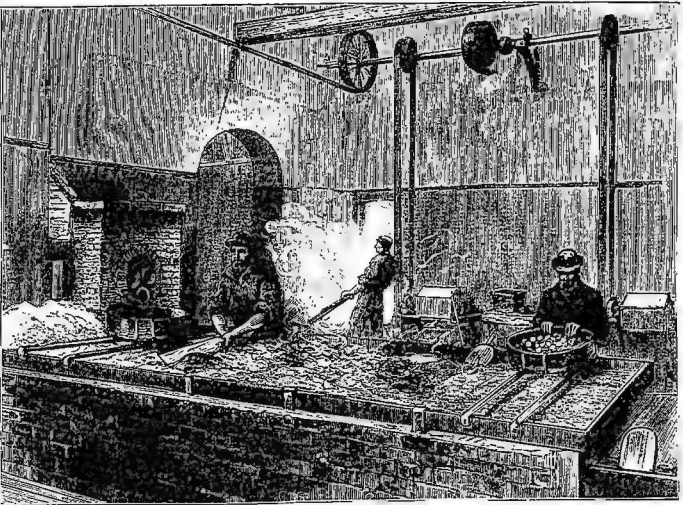
MACHINES FOR CUTTING OUT "BLANKS"



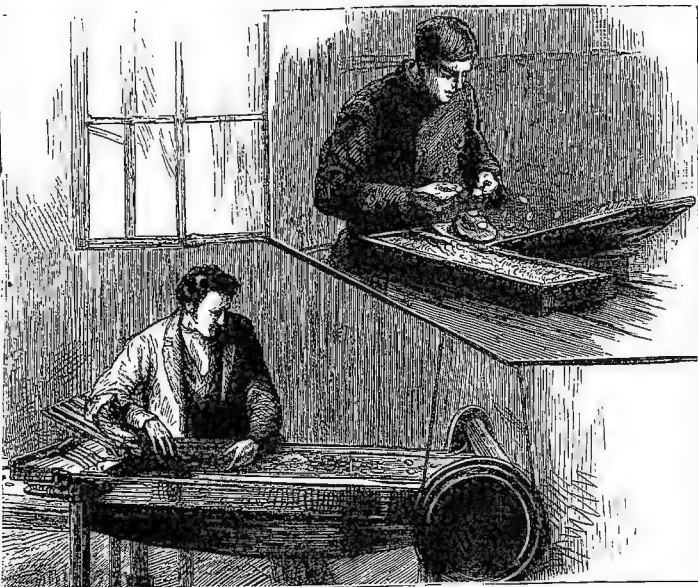
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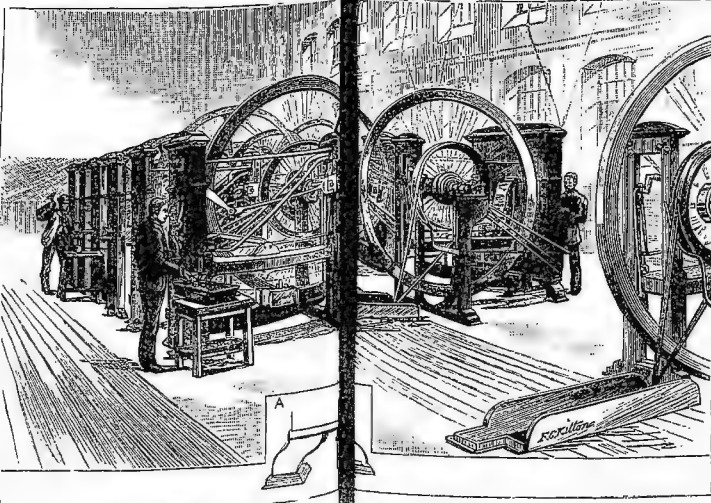
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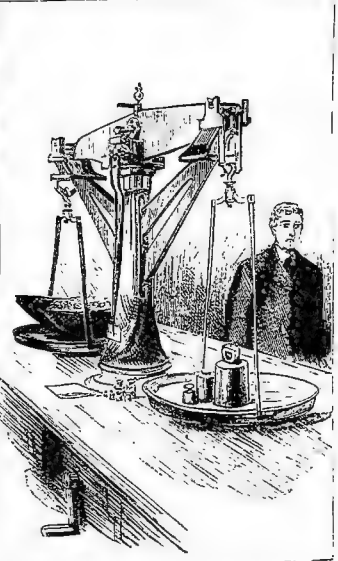
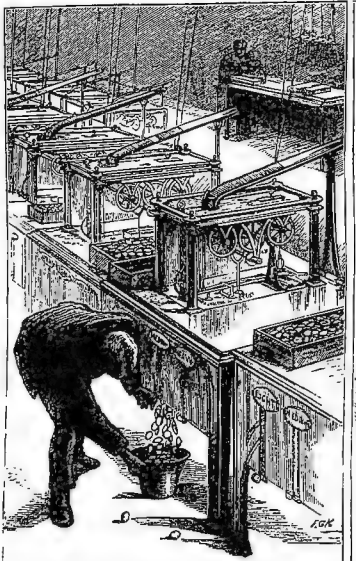
DRYING ROOM



"RINGING" AND EXAMINING THE COINS



THE AUTOMATIC WEIGHING MACHINES



BALANCE FOR WEIGHING BULLION AND COIN

last year. We have also received two pamphlets by William White, F.S.A., one on "Æsthetic Sanitation," and the other a "Knapsack Handbook,"—both well suited to their subject. "Witty, Humorous, and Merry Thoughts," selected by T. M. (Glasgow, D. Bryce and Son).—This is a miniature jest-book, which can be carried in the waistcoat pocket, and will serve to enliven a tedious half hour.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

A FEW years ago there was no little fuss made about the dangers of eating the French tinned peas, owing to the allegation that they owed their fresh green tint not to natural causes, but to the addition of a poisonous salt of copper. We now learn that a still more universal food is contaminated with the same metal. M. Gallippe, in a French chemical journal, asserts that copper can be detected in all plants, and especially in wheat, so that when, upon analysis, bread is found to be charged with a certain amount of cupric salts, it must not be supposed that such salts have been introduced for the purpose of making the bread whiter (and a suspicion has existed that bakers have used sulphate of copper for this purpose), but they must be regarded as natural adulterants. Dr. Burg, who has for some time been investigating the action of this metal upon workmen who are constantly exposed to its influence, believes that it is in one respect extremely beneficial. He gives it as his opinion that copper workers undergo a kind of metallic impregnation which renders them proof to a certain extent against infectious diseases. An investigation of the death-rate among such workers during the last epidemic of typhoid in Paris has confirmed these views. He proposes now to study the effects of salts of copper upon the organisms cultivated by M. Pasteur's method, and his experiments may possibly prove a valuable addition to our knowledge of germs, and their bearing upon disease.

Some investigations which also have an important bearing upon the adulteration of food have lately been undertaken by Messrs. Vigier, Laborde, and Rondeau, with a view to ascertain whether the compounds of boracic acid, which form the basis of so many meat preservatives, are innocuous to health. As a result they find that the acid is harmless if it be pure, but in the form of commercial borax, salts of lead, &c., commonly exist as impurities, and these are of course most hurtful. It was found that dogs fed on animal food, supplemented with a daily dose of nearly half an ounce of pure borax, actually seemed the better for their medicine, for they increased in weight. This result is thought to be due to the borax rendering the meat more easily digestible.

The continual pumping of brine, which has now been going on for so many years in the Cheshire salt district, and which in past times has led to such deplorable consequences, has just resulted in another subsidence, not of land but of water. At Dunkirk, near Northwich, and consequently in the centre of the salt industry, a brook was suddenly observed to be flowing backwards, and it soon became evident that its waters and those of an adjoining lake were being swallowed up into some large cavities formed in the rock salt below. No immediate damage has resulted, but it is feared that the great influx of water will melt the rock salt, and so lead to serious subsidences in the near future. Many attempts have been made by owners of property in this district to urge upon Government the advisability of stopping the brine pumping, which is having such ruinous results, but hitherto without success.

It is reported that the Spanish Government, taking a hint from our proceedings during the late Egyptian Campaign, have ordered the construction of an armoured train of special design for use in time of war. It is to consist of twenty-six trucks, containing ammunition, stores, and food; engineers' workshop and telegraph plant; and several field guns. It will be propelled by two heavily armoured locomotives, one at each end, and will have a crew of nearly two hundred men, who will sleep on board their strange craft if required.

According to a statistical report recently issued, it would appear that the wolf in Russia is a pest of far more formidable dimensions than most people are aware. The domestic animals which annually fall victims to these terrible marauders are valued at about two and a half millions sterling. Besides this loss to the country, there must be taken into account the number of reindeer and other wild animals upon which the wolves prey. Lastly, there is a loss to human life, which cannot be accurately ascertained, but in one year 161 persons were known to have been killed by wolves.

Another scourge, which comes more nearly home to us, is represented by the invasion of locusts, to which two large districts in the Bombay Presidency have lately been subject. These have come in such swarms that trees which they attack seem during their presence to be covered with crimson foliage and flowers, to presently appear as bundles of the barest twigs. The effect of this invasion, although not yet of a serious character, will, unfortunately, be felt next season, when the crop of eggs left by the present swarms will come to life—unless some energetic means are compassed for their destruction. Luckily these eggs are secreted not singly but in masses, and their presence in the soil can be detected by the glistening of the glutinous matter which binds them together, traces of which can generally be detected on the surface of the ground. In Cyprus, vast numbers of locusts have been destroyed by the offer of rewards for the eggs, and, during the past year, sixty-two tons were brought in by the peasantry for destruction.

Messrs. Bennett and Rosher have patented some improvements in the construction of railway and other carriages which are worthy of notice from their novel character. According to their specification "a large number of fatalities arising out of railway collisions are directly due to the breaking up of the travelling platform or floor of the carriage, and the consequent telescoping of the superstructure or compartments containing the passengers; the splintering up of the flooring and woodwork generally causing a large percentage of the injuries." The patentees propose to obviate the dangers of collision by making the superstructure of such materials and design that they will neither be telescoped nor subject to splintering. And they do this by making each compartment a separate structure, and consisting of a steel cylinder, which can be padded, lined, and upholstered generally as ordinary railway carriages are. In the event of a collision these canister-like receptacles would not be crumpled up, as one would at first suppose, if the lower framework were crushed, but would be forced upward, and possibly roll one over the other. The idea is ingenious, but hardly practical. Besides, we should, in dealing with accidents, aim at prevention rather than cure. Statistics teach us that for every person who loses his life by a railway accident, there are dozens who are killed by being run over in our streets. Yet no one dreams of encasing his body in armour in case he should be the next victim.

At the late meeting of the Gas Institute at Sheffield the President spoke of the practical failure of the electric light as a competitor with coal-gas, but that the threatened invasion of their monopoly has had a good effect upon the gas interest generally was evidenced by the nature of the papers read, which all bore upon improvements in burners and details of manufacture. But that the gas companies still have a rival in electricity must be acknowledged by all who have witnessed the splendid display at the Fisheries Exhibition, and in a minor degree the installation of the Sun electric light system at the Kensington Museum close by. The Metropolitan Railway is about to use the electric light extensively between Notting Hill and Aldgate, and secondary batteries will form an important feature of the system. It is noticeable that Aldersgate Street and Farringdon Street stations on this line—which were among the first places in London to be illuminated by electricity—have now for many months been lighted by gas.

T. C. H.



MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—A somewhat weak ballad is "When I Sing My Own Song," at least from a literary point of view. The words are by Ada Lester, the music (much superior than the words) by Odoardo Barri.—Under the alias of "Old Folks," we come across the pleasing words which Molloy has made so popular by his admirable setting of "Don't be Sorrowful, Darling." In spite of this formidable rival, Arthur A. M. Layard has composed a fairly good song to these words.—"Cynthia (one of the titles of Queen Elizabeth), A Right Merrie Dance," by Michael Watson, is well worth looking up. It can be had as solo or duet for the pianoforte, with orchestral parts, strings only.—"Il Bolero," a Spanish dance for the pianoforte by Cotsford Dick, is inspiring and characteristic.—George F. West has as usual proved his capability for arranging sacred music for the pianoforte in a musicianly paraphrase of airs from Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah*, which includes "Cast Thy Burden," "Oh Rest in the Lord," "Baal, We Cry to Thee," "Lift Thine Eyes," and finishes up with the majestic chorus, "Be Not Afraid."

B. WILLIAMS.—Two very pleasing songs, of which the words are the most worthy of praise, are respectively "Grandfather," and "My Old Love Letters," written and composed by that most prolific of song poets, Mary Mark Lemon, and J. Ridgeway, who, as yet, is not so well known to fame.—"Name the Day," a song composed by Henry Pontet to words by "Nemo," would take wonderfully well at a penny reading or local country concert. A fine descriptive sea song is "Anchored," words by S. K. Cowan, M.A., music by Michael Watson, published in F and G. Of the same type is "My Lass," a love ditty which will win popularity with old and young sailors, both at the mess table and at home. Although somewhat tired of the genus gavotte, we cannot refrain from admiring "Banbury Cross Gavotte," by J. Pridham; there is so much go in it.—By the same composer we have presumably a Welsh march, entitled "Caerphilly." It is very much like many other marches, and contains no distinguishing feature.—Mr. Pridham sends us No. 1 of a set of "Classical Extracts from Corelli's Works," arranged for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniments. Students of the violin will find this a very useful study, well worthy of their serious attention. "Twilight Lullaby," a sketch for the pianoforte, by William Smallwood, is a trifle pretentious, a reproach which cannot often be levelled against this popular composer and transcriber.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—A song of more than ordinary merit is "Come Back to Me, Love," the words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, music by Louis Diehl, published in C and D.—Both words and music of "Only Friends," by Theo. Marzials, are very touching and sympathetic; it is published in E flat and F.—Mary Mark Lemon furnishes the pathetic words to a melancholy but very pleasing song entitled "Daddy," the music by A. J. C. Behrend.—A pretty and very sentimental song for a tenor is "My Heart's Message," written and composed by Frank L. Moir.—"Gillette," a valse on Audran's new opera by Charles Coote; we are sorry not to be able to say anything in its favour, beyond admiring its charming and elegant title page.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Part 59, Vol. VIII., of *The Organist's Quarterly Journal*—the leading composition of this number is "Concert-Satz," by Otto Dienel, Professor of the Organ, Berlin, a name as yet unknown in England, but, to judge by this masterly and vigorous work, not likely to remain so much longer.—"Allegretto," by W. Wolstenholme, is a musicianly composition, and will prove suitable both for sacred and secular occasions.—To the best of our recollection this is the first time that a lady has contributed to this publication. "Postlude, Introduction, and Fugue," by the Hon. Adela Douglas Pennant, may take a good place beside the compositions of her male companions. It is brief and unpretentious, but well written, and highly creditable to its composer.—"Postlude in G," by G. B. Gilbert, F.C.O., is a thoughtful and clever composition well worthy the attention of amateur and professional players. This number is one of the most satisfactory that we have had for some time past.



MR. WILLIAM BLACK'S "Yolande" (3 vols. : Macmillan and Co.) skirts the repulsive subject of a woman who has passed from the bondage of drink only to fall under that of opium. He has however wisely left all the details of so uncongenial a topic to his reader's imagination, and has used the situation solely for the purpose of bringing out the self-sacrificing heroism of the daughter who saves her. This Yolande Winterbourne has higher and deeper qualities than the young ladies who only flirt in yachts and sing old-world ballads charmingly. She is a girl whose life and character make up such a harmony of sunshine that those who love her—that is to say, all who know her—shrink incapably from the task when it becomes needful to bring the first cloud into her atmosphere. But when the cloud bursts, she rises to the occasion like a true heroine, and so takes by surprise all persons but two—the reader, and one Jack Melville, who after a short acquaintance had learned to know her better than all her kith and kin. The tale, which ends in the most satisfactory manner, is told in the style which Mr. Black has made his own, and, to a great extent, among familiar surroundings. The first volume, it is true, has for its scene first the deck of a P. and O. steamer, and afterwards Egypt, but the second and part of the third carry us into the country where the people have a tendency to say "Fery well whatever." Highland sport and scenery play their pleasant part, and the reader is as grieved as any of his temporary companions when the idyllic life at Allt-nam-ba is brought to a sudden end. The best piece of work, however, is the portraiture of that exceedingly mean-hearted and cold-blooded lover, the Master of Lynn. Amiable selfishness has a thousand forms, and this young gentleman's is by no means the less effective for being among the most common. "Yolande" is altogether a very pleasant novel, except when it touches matters like the case of the heroine's mother, for which Mr. Black's pen is unfitted altogether. With passion and evil he has nothing to do: and fortunately there is not enough of either to interfere with the cordial enjoyment of an admirable holiday novel. We must not omit, however, to call attention to the character of Mrs. Bell, with her homely mixture of wisdom and simplicity.

"But Yet a Woman," a Novel, by Arthur Sherburne Hardy (1 vol. : Macmillan and Co.), is an excellent novelette by an author with whose name we are not familiar. If it be a first work its readers will look forward with high anticipations to a second—not that there are any signs of inexperience in the art of fiction. The characters are mostly French, and the scene is laid entirely abroad. The most conspicuous merits are the care with which the limited number of *dramatis personæ* are worked out in detail, and in the

skill with which exceedingly slight materials are selected and worked out to the best possible advantage. That the plot has much inherent merit cannot possibly be said, as would readily appear if it were set out in the manner of an argument, or if it had fallen into less workmanlike hands. It must accordingly be regarded as a novel of character, the interest depending upon the effect upon character of certain situations which bring them into somewhat complex relations to one another. Thus it belongs to some extent to what we have often called the New American school, but it is altogether free from the usual demerit of considering nothings as the only matters which ought to interest a modern reader. The style is admirable throughout, and indeed no element is noticeably wanting, save, perhaps, the relief of humour.

"Bid Me Discourse," the first and most important of a number of stories collected under that title by Mary Cecil May (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett), is at any rate deserving of the attention due to it had it appeared as a separate novel, without the support of its companion tales. It is a really clever story, founded upon a wrongful charge of murder or manslaughter based upon a very ingenious complication of circumstances, and upon a further transfer of the suspicion to a yet more innocent person than the original victim to error. It is true that none of the circumstances are at all probable, but then the same may be said of most actual cases, and it is something to have invented a new combination which may at any rate be regarded as possible. However, the romance has other claims to notice besides ingenuity of plot, the principal characters being something better than mere machines for bringing into existence certain predetermined situations. There is some real attempt, by no means unsuccessful, to make the story appear as if it developed naturally out of the nature of the characters engaged in it, which is the true method for exciting something better than mere curiosity in a circumstantial evidence story. The accompanying tales are of minor importance, but are better worth reproducing than is usually the case with stories which have presumably served their purpose in the magazines.

WELSH NAMES are proverbially of a crack-jaw tendency; but perhaps the palm may be given to the following, which casually occurred in a conversation between a Welsh maiden and an English visitor in a village at the foot of Snowdon. The visitor inquired: "What is the name of your little cottage, my dear? Welsh Girl: Lletyllyfyllfynwy, sir. E. V. : Oh. And are your parents living?—W. G. : Yes, sir; but my father works at Chwael Caebraichycafn. E. V. : Well, well. Any brothers?—W. G. : Yes, three, sir. One at Rhoslanerchrugog, one at Llanenddwynwllanddwyywe, and one lives between Penmaenmawr and Llanfairfechan. E. V. : It's growing worse, I see. How many sisters?—W. G. : Only two, sir. One is with my aunt at Llanfairmathafarnethaf. E. V. : My word, what a name! And the other?—W. G. : Oh, she is in service, sir, at Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllglertogbwllllyndysiliogogoch." This agreeable name signifying:—"Llanfair," St. Mary near; "Pwll Gwyngyll," White Hazel Pond; "Goger," near; "Y Chwyrn Drobwll," near the Whirl Pool; "Dysilio," Saint; "Ogo," cavern; "Gogo Goch," ancient hermit.

MAKING JAM is one of the favourite holiday recreations of President Grévy, according to the Paris *Figaro*, which tells us that the Head of the Republic may frequently be seen in his kitchen at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, enveloped in a large blue apron, and skimming preserves over the fire. Everything in the President's country home is of the plainest description. Insignificant outside, the house is equally homely internally, the chief attraction being the huge park and spacious kitchen-garden. Sporting trophies ornament the dining-room, the drawing-room is scantily furnished in red damask, and even the boudoir of the President's daughter, Madame Wilson, contains no pretty feminine knickknacks whatever, but is full of firearms, and collections of coins and insects. M. Grévy's study is hung with an ugly green paper, and the walls are covered with books; while the bust of Voltaire surmounts the clock. When not engaged in his favourite pastime of shooting, M. Grévy strolls about the neighbourhood in an old blue cotton coat and big straw hat, talks to every peasant he meets—carefully eschewing politics, however—and delights to take children on his knee to recite to them one of La Fontaine's fables.

TRANSATLANTIC DIVORCES are so easily obtained that irritable couples untie the marriage knot on the most trivial pretext, to judge from various stories in the American journals. Thus one unhappy pair are positively seeking for a divorce in a Chicago Court because they cannot agree whether their baby boy should be called John Frederick, or Edward Gordon. To be sure, such a plea would be deemed quite sufficient in a city where, so declares a contemporary, the trains stop fifteen minutes to enable passengers to get divorces, according to the advice of a New York lawyer, who advertises "Hymeneal incompatibilities, as a speciality, carefully adjusted." 'Tis slavery to detain the hand after the heart has fled." Nor is the law more stringent in California, for a resident in a city in San Francisco lately obtained an absolute divorce from his second wife on Tuesday, attended the funeral of his first wife, from whom he had also been divorced, on the following Thursday, and next day married a third helpmate. Even in virtuous New England, not far from cultivated Boston, there is a charming young matron, not yet thirty years of age, who is seeking a divorce from her fifth husband. If these stories be true, Mr. Henry James has not greatly maligned his countrywomen by his portrait of a very much-divorced American lady in his story, the "Siege of London."

ST. GILES'S CHRISTIAN MISSION.—We have recently received the last annual report of this charity, which, we have every reason to believe, is doing very excellent work, and which deserves to be better known than it is, although it has now been twenty-three years in existence. The main object of the charity has been to Christianise and civilise a district which was for many years one of the most neglected and degraded in London. Two classes of the population have, on account of their helplessness, been especially sought out. These are the discharged prisoners, and the children who are neglected by their parents. Every weekday morning in the year all discharged prisoners are met at the prison gates, both of Coldbath Fields and Holloway (Wandsworth Gaol is about to be added to the list), and are offered a free breakfast at the Mission premises. Half the number of discharged prisoners accept the invitation, half of these again sign the Temperance pledge, and a large percentage of these persons are enabled by the efforts of the charity to obtain honest employment, or are provided with tools, &c. The value of the work thus accomplished was heartily acknowledged by Mr. Howard Vincent, who presided at the annual Thieves' Supper given at the Mission premises last December, and whose wife presented silver watches to those men who had kept their situations for more than twelve months. As for the children, several schools, both Sunday and weekday, have been established for their benefit, besides which a Band of Hope has been enrolled, entertainments given, excursions organised, and every effort made to bring their parents into friendly intercourse with the teachers. We may rest assured that the most effective weapons wherewith to combat Nihilism and other anarchical doctrines are such as are used by this Society. The most hardened are raised from the sullen depths of despair when they find that there are still persons left who wish to restore them to happiness. The Mission School is in Great Wild Street, Drury Lane. Subscriptions will be received by the Superintendent, Mr. George Hutton, 12, Ampton Place, Regent Square, W.C., or by Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., 54, Lombard Street, E.C.

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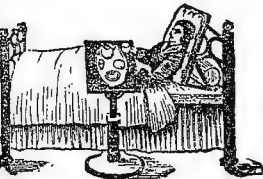


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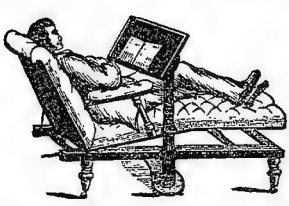
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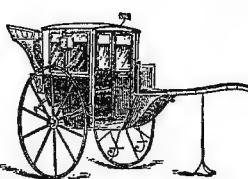
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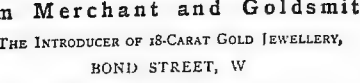


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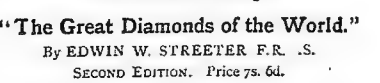
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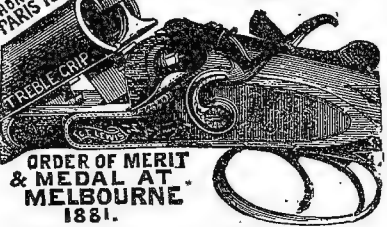
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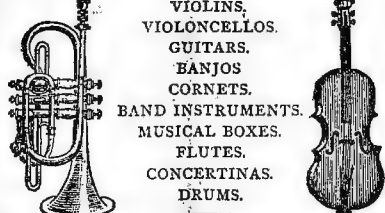
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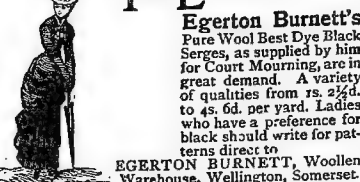
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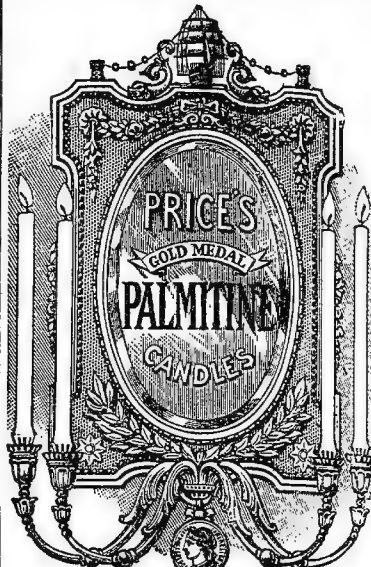
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Mrs. Bocastle's Diamond Bracelet.

By the Author of "The Mysteries of Heron Dyke," &c.

I.

MR. AND MRS. BOCASTLE were seated at breakfast together.

Mr. Bocastle, while munching his dry toast, was skimming through the letters which the morning post had just brought him. Mrs. Bocastle, with a very pleased look on her very handsome face, and holding in one hand the sugar tongs which she had forgotten to put down again, was gazing absently through a window at the further end of the room.

"I do hope that Madame Legros will let me have my dress home in good time on the 15th," said Mrs. Bocastle at length. "I should like to wear it for two or three hours early in the day. One sometimes feels just a little awkward at first in a new dress; besides which, the train of this one will have to be longer than ordinary, I suppose."

Mr. Bocastle went on with his letters, and did not reply, but that was no proof, as his wife was quite aware, that he had not heard and noticed her remark. At length he said, "I think, my dear, that on so special an occasion you might with propriety wear your diamond bracelet." He spoke in quiet, measured tones, without looking up from his letters, then he took a sip at his half-cold tea and resumed his reading.

The sugar-tongs fell with a clatter among the cups and saucers, and all the colour died suddenly out of Mrs. Bocastle's face. For a moment she gazed at her husband with a sort of dumb terror in her eyes, then pretending that she had dropped her handkerchief, she stooped as if to pick it up. "As you please, dear, of course," she said, a moment or two afterwards, in a studiously indifferent tone. That she was nervous and ill at ease was plainly to be seen.

But Mrs. Bocastle saw nothing. He glanced at his watch, swept the letters into a despatch box at his feet, rose, pushed back his chair, kissed his wife in the brief, business-like way customary with him, bade her good morning, and was gone. His brougham was waiting at the door, and two minutes later he was being borne rapidly Citywards.

Left alone, Mrs. Bocastle sat for fully half an hour without stirring. Her thoughts were evidently deep in some perplexing problem. Then she sighed, rose, and rang the bell. "Let the carriage be brought round at once," she said.

A few minutes later, closely veiled, she was on her way to Messrs. Perkins and Windle's, the well-known jewellers, of New Bond Street.

Few men were better known in certain financial circles of the City of London than Theophilus Bocastle. That he was one of the rising luminaries of the day no one who had been brought into close business relations with him could doubt. Of late years no man had had more to do with the inception and promotion of large joint-stock companies, or widespread schemes of credit and finance, and it was noticed by the curious in such matters that whatever he took in hand seemed to prosper, so that his name in connection with any undertaking—and he only went in for big things nowadays—had come by degrees to carry with it the weight and prestige of the names of half-a-dozen inferior or less capable men.

Such a man, it might have been thought, was one of the least likely of mortals, especially after having reached the mature age of eight-and-thirty in safety, to fall in love with and marry a penniless young woman. Yet that was precisely what Mr. Bocastle had done.

Happening to be in North Wales on a matter of business, he there met and became enamoured of pretty Catherine Delancy, the daughter of a half-pay Colonel, whom economical reasons had compelled to seek a home for his declining years in the comparative seclusion of a small Welsh watering-place.

A six months' courtship ended in marriage, and Catherine Bocastle found herself transformed from a maiden pacing the yellow sands in melancholy mood and wondering whether the future held any change in store for her, into the mistress of a small but perfectly-appointed establishment in Belgravia, with a dozen servants at her beck and call. Whether Mrs. Bocastle had married for love, for position, or because she was tired of a life of single blessedness in her lonely village home, or from a mixture of all three motives, was best known to herself; but, in any case, no one ever heard her complain that she had made an unwise choice, or had reason to think that she was less happy than the majority of married people one meets in Society.

There was that about Mr. Bocastle which made it seem improbable that many young ladies would voluntarily fall in love with him. There was nothing of the youthful Romeo about him; there was no spice of romance in looks, bearing, or manners to convert him into the hero of a young girl's love-dream. To begin with, he was eighteen years older than his wife, and that seems a great disparity to a young woman of twenty. He was a large-featured, heavy-browed man; heavily built, too, with something a little awkward in his movements and gestures, more especially when in ladies' society; in fact, nearly all his life had been passed among his own sex previously to his marriage. He was a man of few words, being naturally of a taciturn disposition, but when he did speak it was to the purpose. He always seemed to prefer listening to what other people had to say before enunciating any opinion of his own on the particular case in point. He made very few intimates, but those he did make liked and respected him, and thought themselves fortunate in calling him friend. I am inclined to think that his wife did more than like and respect him; I almost fancy that she had learned to love him.

For the first twelve months after her marriage, Mrs. Bocastle led a very quiet life, and went very little into society. She felt that she had much to learn, and she was gradually becoming mistress of the duties of her new position. About this time, too, as it happened, Mr. Bocastle was more deeply immersed in business matters than usual, and had little time to spare for social gaieties or relaxations.

Among other names which figured on the prospectuses and lists of directors issued by the rising financier in connection with sundry new schemes that of the Earl of Buttermere might frequently be found. The Earl, who was a man of old family, but of limited income for a person of his rank, cared little for politics, but had no objection to let Mr. Bocastle have the use of his name in return for an honorarium of a few hundred guineas per annum, and the privilege of being put up to "a good thing" now and then, by which a few hundreds more might be made without risk on the Stock Exchange; while Mr. Bocastle, as was well known, dearly loved to have a lord or two on the published lists, with which it was part of his purpose to dazzle the eyes of the "groundlings."

Thus it came about, without any pressure being brought to bear other than a hint dropped by the Earl to his wife, that Mrs. Bocastle one day received a card of invitation for the Countess's next reception, and, although the Buttermeres were by no means rich people, her ladyship's receptions were regarded as among the most exclusive in London. Mrs. Bocastle, in a great flutter of excitement one may be sure, went, was seen, and conquered. Lady Buttermere made no secret of her opinion that Mrs. Bocastle was the prettiest woman

who had been seen in Society for the last three seasons, and taking her newly-found *protégée* by the hand she presented her at Court, and after that bade all that was exclusive in the world of London come and admire. They did come, and they did admire, and presently Mrs. Bocastle was the recipient of more invitations to the houses of great people than she knew how to accept. Before long her portraits began to be seen in the photographers' windows, the Society journals had numerous paragraphs about her, some of them true, some of them false, a celebrated R.A. was engaged to paint her likeness; in short, she had become the fashion of the hour, and Mr. Bocastle woke up one morning and found, much to his surprise, that the half-pay colonel's daughter, whom he had brought from a Welsh cottage had become a much more celebrated person than himself.

Lady Buttermere was delighted at her *protégée's* success, none the less so, perhaps, because the Countess of Plinlimmon, between whom and herself there had been for years a smouldering fire of rivalry, had taken that odious Mrs. Prendergast by the hand—"that Octoroon creature with the woolly hair," as some one had designated her, and had tried her best to persuade Society, but only with very limited success, that she was "the coming beauty." Hence was Lady Buttermere's triumph the more unalloyed.

But now had come the time when her ladyship announced her last reception of the season. It was to be a very special affair, a certain illustrious Personage having announced his intention of honouring the assembly with his presence. He had heard of Mrs. Bocastle's beauty, and a hint had been given that if she were specially introduced to him the act would not be construed ungraciously. There had even been a whisper about a possible quadrille, but only the merest whisper.

It was, therefore, scarcely to be wondered at that Mrs. Bocastle should have anxious thoughts with regard to the dress she had ordered from Madame Legros for the momentous occasion, or that Mr. Bocastle should express a wish that his wife should wear the diamond bracelet of which he had made her a present before marriage—a bracelet the cost of which was said to have been something almost fabulous.

II.

WHILE Mrs. Bocastle is on her way to New Bond Street it may be as well, perhaps, to endeavour with a few light touches to sketch an outline of her appearance.

At this time she was twenty-two years old. Her figure was rather taller than ordinary, and plenty of country air and exercise had helped to develop the gracious contours with which nature had endowed her. Her hair was of a pure golden red, with a natural wave in it that rippled through all its silky coils. She had large, soft, hazel eyes, with curious opaline gleams in them when seen by certain lights—some people averred that she could produce those strange gleams at will—eyes that, when not charged with fun or mischief, seemed somehow to put you in mind of those of some shy and gentle denizen of the woods. In her were reproduced her father's aquiline features, save that they were wonderfully softened and toned down; and her face, when seen in profile, looked as delicately cut as though it were some exquisite cameo. From the time when she was a thin weed of a girl people had turned to look after her in the street; it was no wonder that they turned to look after her now, when she was in the full perfection of her loveliness.

The tiny brougham stopped opposite the doors of Messrs. Perkins and Windle's establishment. Mrs. Bocastle alighted, went inside, and threw back her veil. "Is Mr. Windle within?" she asked. There had been no Mr. Perkins in the firm for years.

A dark, gentlemanly individual, with an imperturbable face, came forward. "I am sorry to say that Mr. Windle is not within at present."

"When shall I be able to see him?"

"That is more than I can say. At present he is on the Continent. He may be home to-morrow, or we may not see him for a week."

A look of unmistakable annoyance flitted across Mrs. Bocastle's face.

"I represent Mr. Windle during his absence," resumed the gentlemanly individual. "If I can be of the slightest service to Mrs. Bocastle—"

"You know me?" The manager bowed. Mrs. Bocastle reflected for half a minute. "I should like to speak with you in private," she said at length.

The manager led the way to a snug little parlour behind the shop, and shut the door behind his visitor. Mrs. Bocastle sat down. The manager stood in a deferential attitude a few paces away.

"You are probably aware," began the lady, speaking in a quick, jerky way that sounded strange even to herself, "that Mr. Windle has in his possession a certain diamond bracelet which belongs to me?"

The manager bowed again, and rubbed his hands gently. "That, madam, is a fact of which I am quite aware. We had the honour of setting the bracelet in question."

"So I believe. Well, what I want is that Mr. Windle should oblige me with the loan of the bracelet for one evening. The fact is that I am going to a reception—I may say to a very exclusive and distinguished reception—on the 15th, and it is Mr. Bocastle's express desire that I should wear the bracelet on the evening in question."

"Am I to understand, madam," asked the manager, in his smoothest tones, "that you wish to have the use of the bracelet on the occasion you speak of without—a—?"

"Certainly. Did I not say that I wanted the loan of it? It is not convenient for me to repay Mr. Windle at present, neither do I care to ask Mr. Bocastle for so large a sum. As I said before, I only want the bracelet for one evening. It would be perfectly safe. Your messenger would bring it to my house on the evening of the reception, and fetch it away again the following day. What could be easier or more simple?"

The imperturbable manager pursed up his lips, and seemed to cogitate. After a few moments he said, "I am afraid, madam, that your request is one that could only be answered by Mr. Windle himself. It would be beyond my province to say either yes or no to your proposition."

"But for one night only. Surely—" began Mrs. Bocastle, and then stopped. She felt that in spite of herself she was turning pale. "I will submit your proposition to Mr. Windle. At present he is in Paris. I will lose no time in communicating with him, and in letting you know the result at the earliest possible moment." How provokingly cool the man was!

Mrs. Bocastle lowered her veil. "You will be good enough to impress on Mr. Windle," she said, "that it is of the utmost importance that I should have the bracelet."

"I shall not fail to do so, madam."

Then Mrs. Bocastle was ushered to her carriage. As she drove away tears of mortification stood in her eyes.

But she felt something more than mere vexation—she felt a chill sinking of the heart when she thought that perhaps, after all, Mr. Windle might not agree to let her have the bracelet. In that case, what should she do? It was a question she could not answer. The next three days were the most wretched she had ever spent.

On the third evening the manager from Messrs. Perkins and Windle was announced. Mrs. Bocastle met him with an anxious brow.

In his usual deferential and somewhat roundabout way the manager intimated that Mr. Windle's reply to Mrs. Bocastle's proposition was to the effect that, while unwilling to let the bracelet leave his hands without some material guarantee for its safe return, he would yet be willing and indeed happy to cause a *fac-simile* of it to be made in Paris diamonds, which he felt sure would answer every purpose for which Mrs. Bocastle required the original.

"And does Mr. Windle really think that I would attend a reception decked out in paste diamonds?" asked Mrs. Bocastle with a fine flush of indignation on her charming face.

"I assure you, madam, that a great many ladies—ladies, I may add, of rank and distinction—do the same thing. Imitation diamonds are now made so closely resembling the originals that no one but an expert can detect the difference between them."

Here was a phase of the matter of which Mrs. Bocastle had never dreamt. "Nevertheless," she said, "I think it excessively mean and shabby of Mr. Windle to refuse my request."

The manager's reply to this was an almost imperceptible lifting of the eyebrows. Mrs. Bocastle drummed on the table with her fingers.

"I will go and see Mr. Windle myself," she said after a moment or two. "The case cannot have been represented to him in a proper light. I cannot believe that he would refuse me were I to see him in person."

"Pardon me, but Mr. Windle has not returned from the Continent. The facts of the case are however just as well known to him as if he were on the spot."

"I could not have believed there was so much meanness in the world," exclaimed the indignant beauty.

Again there was a brief silence. Then said the manager:—

"I assure you positively, madam, that if I were holding the real bracelet in one hand, and an imitation one, such as we can have made, in the other, you could not possibly tell which was which."

"And you mean to assert as a fact that many ladies in the upper circles of society really wear imitation jewellery openly and in public?"

"That such is the fact, madam, I give you my word. In high life as in low life, all is not gold that glitters."

For a few moments Mrs. Bocastle remained lost in thought. Then she said:—"It is a shameful thing to have to do, and I hope you will tell Mr. Windle my opinion of his conduct next time you see him. Still, if there is no alternative, I must submit." The manager bowed. He had known all along what the result would be. "I must have the bracelet ready by the afternoon of the 15th at the latest," resumed Mrs. Bocastle.

"You may rely upon its being in your hands by six o'clock on the afternoon of the day in question." With that the manager bowed himself out.

It was not without many qualms of conscience that Mrs. Bocastle passed the time that intervened before the momentous 15th. It was very distasteful to her to have to deceive her husband in the way she was about to do, but she felt that it would be still more distasteful to have to make a certain confession which she could not avoid doing if she told him the truth. Of two dilemmas she chose that which seemed to her the less, but all the same she was far from being happy in her mind.

In due course came Tuesday, the 15th. Early in the forenoon came Madame Legros' assistant with the new robe. It was tried on, and found to be perfection in every detail. This of itself lifted a certain weight off Mrs. Bocastle's mind. At six o'clock to the minute Mr. Windle's manager rang the bell. He was ushered into Mrs. Bocastle's boudoir.

"You have not failed me, then?" asked the lady a little eagerly as she entered the room.

"Our firm, madam, never fails in its engagements."

Speaking thus, the manager produced from some inner pocket a morocco case, opened it, and with a low bow held it out for Mrs. Bocastle's acceptance. On its nest of purple velvet shone the diamond bracelet.

It was not without a tremor of the heart that Mrs. Bocastle lifted the bracelet out of its resting-place. She held it up to the light, looking at it this way and that. Then she clasped it on her wrist and gazed at it again; then she unclasped it, and once more held it up close to the lamp. It gleamed and sparkled and shot forth flashes of many-coloured radiance as she moved it to and fro.

"It is, indeed, beautiful," she said at last; "and in the absence of the original any one might be deceived."

"With all due deference, madam," answered the manager, "I will venture to assert that if the original were here, so close is the imitation, you could not tell one from the other. With your permission, I will call for the bracelet about noon to-morrow. Or would you prefer to retain it?"

"No—no; call for it to-morrow. I shall not want to wear it again for some time to come."

At ten o'clock the Hon. Mrs. Plympton called for Mrs. Bocastle. The elder lady had agreed to act as *chaperon* to the younger one. Mr. Bocastle would drop in at the reception at a later hour in time to fetch his wife home.

With the reception itself we have nothing here to do beyond recording Mrs. Bocastle's unqualified triumph. A certain Personage arrived on the scene about midnight, was introduced to the young married beauty, walked through a quadrille with her, was especially gracious and affable, and, before leaving, expressed a hope that he might soon have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Bocastle again.

Mr. Bocastle did not arrive till somewhat later, and was some little time before he found his wife.

"Are you not almost tired of all this crush and po'her?" he asked when they met.

"It is rather early yet; but I am ready to go any time you like," she replied.

She was holding her fan in one hand. He took hold of the other and lifted it up. "You have not forgotten your bracelet, I see."

"You wished me to wear it—that was enough."

Mr. Bocastle smiled and pressed the hand he was holding; then, seeing some one at a distance to whom he wished to speak, he moved away.

It was three-quarters of an hour before Mr. Bocastle found himself by his wife's side again. "I am a little tired now," she said; "and it is better to go early than stay till the last."

Lady Buttermere was presently found, and their adieux said. There was quite a crush on the staircase as they went down, and a considerable number of people in the hall were waiting for their carriages. After a little while Mr. Bocastle's brougham was called, and, with some crushing, he managed to get his wife safely into it. Mr. Bocastle gave the word "Home," and lay back on the cushions with a sense of relief. Fashionable receptions had never been much in his line.

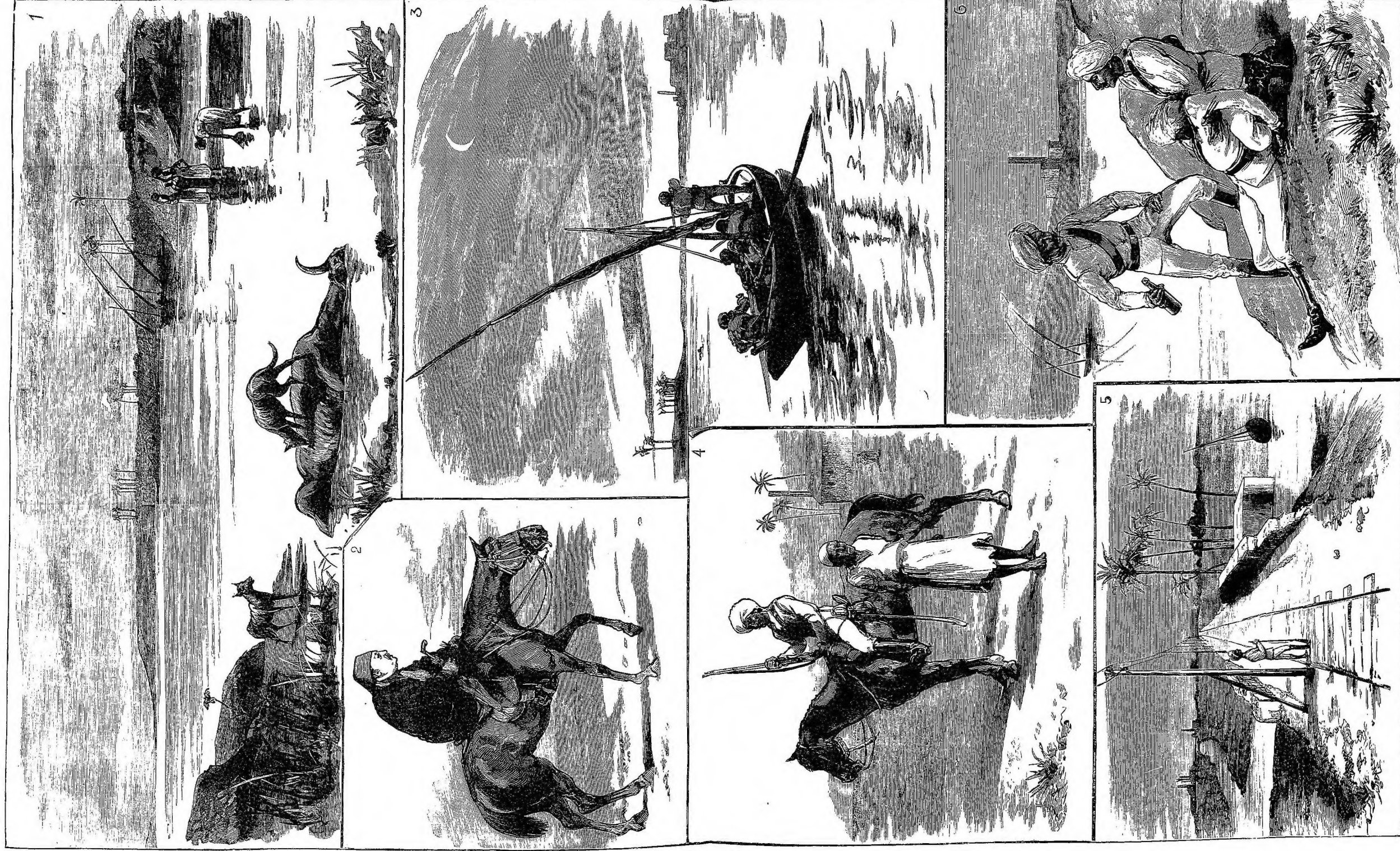
They could not have gone more than twenty or thirty yards before Mrs. Bocastle laid her hand suddenly on her husband's arm. "Oh, Theophilus, my bracelet is gone!" she cried in a quick frightened voice.

"Gone! What do you mean by gone?" he asked. At the same moment he pulled the check-string.

"It is not on my wrist. I must have lost it."

The brougham came to a stand.

"When do you recollect seeing it last?" asked Mr. Bocastle, he prepared to alight.



1. SOME OF THE CAUSES OF THE CHOLERA.—2. AN EGYPTIAN DOCTOR UNUSED TO HORSE EXERCISE.—3. A SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO PASS THE CORDON.—4. PUNISHMENT FOR ATTEMPTING TO PASS THE CORDON.—5. "OUR PRISON GATE!" THE POINT BEYOND WHICH THE MEMBERS OF THE CORDON MAY NOT PASS.—6. WHAT WAS TO BE FEARED: ONE OF THE CORDON ATTACKED BY CHOLERA.

THE CHOLERA IN EGYPT—WITH A SANITARY CORDON OF MOUNTED CONSTABULARY

"When I was shaking hands with her ladyship; I saw her eyes rest on it for a moment. You know what a crush there was on the stairs and in the hall. It must have been there that I lost it."

Mr. Bocastle alighted, and bade the coachman turn out of the main thoroughfare into a quiet street. "Are you sure that you have not lost it in the carriage?" he asked his wife.

Mrs. Bocastle alighted, and shook out the train and flounces of her dress, and Mr. Bocastle, having procured a wax light from the coachman, searched the seats and the bottom of the carriage, but no bracelet was to be found. "You must wait here while I go back to the house," he said at last, and with that he put his wife into the brougham again and stalked away.

III.

NEVER had Mrs. Bocastle spent a more miserable quarter of an hour than that which she passed alone in the carriage waiting for her husband.

Mr. Bocastle came back at last. "Have you found it?" his wife gasped out. He shook his head, bade the coachman drive on, and got into the brougham.

"Nearly everybody was gone when I got back," he said. "I had the hall, the stairs, and every likely place carefully searched, but of course the bracelet was nowhere to be found. The Countess was greatly concerned. All I could do was to leave the matter in the hands of the police in the hope that something may turn up in the morning. But not for one moment do I think that you will ever see your bracelet again."

"Oh, Theo, don't say that! I am so terribly grieved."

"And I am far from being overjoyed."

"It was your wedding present, dear."

"Not only that, but it cost a very large sum of money." He spoke with a certain dry acidity of tone which caused his wife's highly-strung nerves to vibrate painfully. Not often in his life had he spoken to her in a similar tone. She sank back in her cushions and wept silently.

When they reached home Mr. Bocastle found sundry letters and telegrams which had arrived during his absence. "I shall go into the library and write for half an hour," he said. "I suppose you will go upstairs at once?" He spoke in the same dry constrained tone as before. If he saw that his wife's eyes were red and swollen he took no notice of the fact.

"Yes, I shall go up at once. I am very tired," answered Mrs. Bocastle.

She dismissed her maid as quickly as possible, and sat by the dressing-room fire waiting for her husband, a white *peignoir* thrown loosely round her, and the rippling masses of her red-gold hair falling unbound far down her back.

She was thinking as in all her life she had never had occasion to think before. Should she tell her husband everything, or should she leave him still in ignorance? That was the question she was debating within herself. On the one hand, if the bracelet were found by the police and brought home they were almost certain to discover that it was nothing but a sham, and in that case what would her husband think of her? Besides, might not the story ooze out and so become public property, in which case she could never hold up her head in Society again? On the other hand, if she were to tell her husband, and the bracelet were never found, she would have made a most humiliating confession to no purpose. In that case how she would wish that she had never spoken, that she had kept her secret locked in her own bosom!

But even while she was arguing with herself thus her cheek tingled with a blush. Would the Catherine Delancy of old days have felt any hesitation in answering the question which she was now putting to herself? But, indeed, Catherine Delancy would never have drifted into a predicament in which such a question was needful to be put. In those old days right was right and wrong was wrong without hesitation or doubt. What had changed her so since her marriage? Was it the world, or fine friends, or what?

Mr. Bocastle's half hour was a long one. "What, still up?" he said, as he entered the dressing room.

"Yes; I have something to say to you, and I could not go to bed till I had said it."

He sat down near the fire, and spread his chilled fingers over the blaze, but gave her no encouragement to proceed. "It is a confession that I have to make," she went on in a faltering voice.

"Ay, ay. A confession. Um." His coolness touched her spirit. Would nothing move this cold-blooded financier? "Theo," and she spoke clearly and somewhat sharply, "the bracelet that I wore to-night, the one that was lost I mean, was not the one you gave me, but an imitation one made of Paris diamonds."

He had been looking at the fire, but now he turned his face and stared at her for some moments without speaking. "Will you please say that again?" he said at last.

She repeated her statement.

"May I ask what reason impelled you to wear false jewels on an occasion like that of last night, when the real ones were ready to your hand?"

"But they were not ready to my hand, Theo."

"How was that, pray?"

"Because I was in want of money three months ago, and I asked Mr. Windle to lend me two thousand pounds, and take charge of the bracelet till I could repay it."

"Well? Go on, please."

"When you expressed a wish that I should wear the bracelet at Lady Buttermere's reception, I went to see Mr. Windle, but was told he was abroad. I then explained to his manager that, as a favour, I wanted the loan of the bracelet for one evening. He called on me three days later, and said that while Mr. Windle objected to let the original bracelet out of his hands—which I think was excessively mean and shabby on his part—he was quite willing to make me an imitation bracelet which he would guarantee should defy detection. After some demur I consented to the proposition. It was that sham bracelet which I wore last evening."

"So? Now I begin to understand."

"So you see, Theo, after all, the loss will be something inconsiderable. As affairs have turned out it was a fortunate thing I was not wearing the genuine bracelet. Don't you think so, Theo?" She spoke these last words in a tone of appeal, drawing her chair an inch or two nearer as she did so. It seemed as though she were saying, "Do try to give me one grain of comfort."

But he took no notice. All that he said was, "With your allowance, Catherine, you ought not to have been short of money."

"I know it, I know it. You have been the best and most generous of husbands. It—it was partly due to my inexperience, I suppose. I had never had more than five pounds to call my own at one time in my life. The command of so much money turned my head. Perhaps I gave away more in charity than I had any right to do, and I am quite certain that I ordered many expensive things that I could readily have done without, never thinking at the time that they would cost half so much money as I found they had when the bills were sent in."

"Who was your principal creditor?"

"Madame Legros. She pressed for an early settlement of her account, although I don't believe that she really needed the money. I was astounded at the amount of it. You had already advanced me some extra money, and I was afraid to ask you for more. Madame kept pressing me from time to time—how I dislike that woman—and in a moment of desperation, as I may almost call it, I took the bracelet to Mr. Windle."

"What was the total of Madame Legros' account?"

"A little over nine hundred pounds."

"Nine hundred pounds for a dressmaker's bill!"

"There were robes and dresses and cloaks, and various other things. You have no conception what these things cost at a fashionable modiste's. I was frightened myself, I own, when I saw the total of the bill. But I promise you that you shall never have cause to complain of my extravagance in dress again."

"But you have only accounted for one thousand out of the two you obtained from Mr. Windle. What became of the other one?"

For a moment Mrs. Bocastle did not answer; then in a low voice she said, "I lent it to your nephew, Horace."

For the first time during the interview a sudden blaze leapt into Mr. Bocastle's eyes. He half rose from his chair and then sat down again. His under lip quivered for a moment and then was still. With a strong effort he crushed down his passion. "And you dared to do this, Catherine?" he asked in a low voice, which sounded to his wife full of suppressed menace.

"As I did it I suppose that I dared to do it," she answered with a little nervous laugh. "Listen to me, Theo."

"Listen to me, Catherine. You know something of what I have done for that boy already."

"I know that his mother was your only sister."

"Listen, I say. You know that when I took charge of his education after his father and mother were dead, he had to leave the school at which I placed him through getting mixed up with some disgraceful street fight."

"He only acted in the matter as any boy of spirit would have acted."

Mr. Bocastle stared at his wife as if he could hardly believe the evidence of his ears. "What do women know of such matters?" he asked with a contemptuous ring in his voice. "Then when he came of age and got possession of his fortune, he ran through it in less than two years, spending in riotous living what, with my help, might have opened for him the channels of commercial enterprise, and have made him in a few years a rich man. Twice since that time I have paid his debts in full, and when, as a last resource, I procured for him a situation in the City, where, in course of time, and always with my help, he might have worked his way up to a partnership, what does my gentleman take it into his empty head to do? He puts down his pen one fine morning and walks out of the office, and never sets foot in it again. And now I am told that he has taken to the stage—that he has become an actor!—my nephew an actor!" Mr. Bocastle, from the way in which he spoke those last words, seemed to be calling gods and men to bear witness to the indignity that had been put upon him.

"I hear that Horace is likely to turn out very clever. I have seen several excellent notices of him in different newspapers."

Mrs. Bocastle spoke very quietly, but not without an inward tremor at her own temerity.

"Newspaper notices of an actor, and that actor my nephew!"

It was only by a strong effort that Mr. Bocastle kept down the passion that surged at his heart, but the habit of self-control came natural to him. For a minute or two he kept silent. Then he said: "In any case, Catherine, this is the scapegrace, for I can call him nothing less, whom you have chosen to present with a thousand pounds of money which was not really yours to give away. You had no right to do it—none at all."

"But you do not understand, Theophilus. I did not give the money to Horace; I only lent it to him. The need that he should have it was a most pressing one, and he promised faithfully to repay me at the end of three months."

"To repay you! And are you so simple as to expect ever to see a penny of your thousand pounds again? Never! Never!"

"I have full faith in Horace, and I feel sure that he will repay me."

Mr. Bocastle laughed for the first time that night, and his laugh was not a pleasant one to hear.

"Time will prove whether I am right or wrong," remarked Mrs. Bocastle with a heightened colour.

"Time will prove."

Mrs. Bocastle rose and crossed the floor to her bedroom door. For a moment or two she paused with the handle in her hand, then she went back, and passing behind her husband's chair, she laid one arm round his neck and stooped and kissed him on the forehead.

"I will be a better girl in future, Theo. I will never hide anything from you again," she said. "Still it is fortunate, is it not, dear, that it is only the sham bracelet that is lost?"

"Sit down, Catherine; I have something to say to you," he answered, not unkindly. "I won't detain you more than five minutes."

She sat down, wondering a little, but made no remark.

"Within twenty-four hours of your visit to New Bond Street," began Mr. Bocastle, "I received a note from Mr. Windle, telling me of your call, and the object of it."

"Oh! how mean! how unprincipled!" burst indignantly from Mrs. Bocastle's lips.

"Scarcely so, I think, under the circumstances. Mr. Windle is an old acquaintance, I may almost say an old friend of mine, and you must bear in mind that he had kept secret till now the fact of your having obtained a loan on the bracelet. Well, it was by my instructions that the manager called upon you, and offered to make for you a fac-simile of the bracelet in Paris diamonds."

"By your instructions?"

"Even so. I wanted to ascertain whether my wife preferred wearing a sham bracelet in public to confessing her folly to the man who, as she ought to know by this time, is the best friend she has in the world."

"Oh, Theo, how you humiliate me! Spare me—spare me!"

"You were weak and foolish, and consented to wear the mock jewel, and went to the ball with it, as you thought, on your arm. But, Catherine, if you could consent to such a humiliation, I could not. The bracelet you wore last night was no paste mockery, but the one I clasped on your wrist on your wedding morn."

For the first time in her life Mrs. Bocastle fainted.

IV.

BREAKFAST was late at Carleon Lodge next morning. For once in a way the master of the house dawdled over his meal, and seemed in no hurry to get away to the City. Could it be possible that he was waiting in the hope of hearing some news from the police respecting the missing bracelet?

This was the question that Mrs. Bocastle put to herself more than once as she sat opposite her husband at the breakfast table. She looked pale, languid, and *distract* this morning, and as if life held no further interest for her. She had gone to bed, but not to sleep. Hour after hour she had lain in the dark brooding over the startling revelation which her husband had made to her. This morning the conversation between them was in little more than monosyllables; for anything that was said such an article as the lost bracelet might never have had an existence.

Mr. Bocastle looked at his watch once or twice, and began to fidget. He had skimmed through his letters, none of which seemed to interest him, and had nothing more to do. Presently a footman entered with a card, which he presented to his master.

"Mr. Horace Gayford! What the —" exclaimed Mr. Bocastle, as he stared at the piece of cardboard through his eyeglass.

"Horace here? Oh, you will see him, won't you?" cried Mrs. Bocastle, bursting suddenly into life.

"Show the young gentleman up," said Mr. Bocastle grimly, after a moment's cogitation.

Enter a tall, rather slim young man, with a bright, clever face, and a very winning smile.

He made his way to Mrs. Bocastle, and held out his hand. "My dear aunt, I am charmed to see you. What a long time it seems since I met you last."

Then he turned to Mr. Bocastle. "Uncle, I hope you are quite well."

Mr. Bocastle took no notice of the proffered hand. "To what, sir, may I ask, am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" He spoke in his coldest and most measured tones.

"To be frank with you, uncle, I thought you would have been off to the City by this time. My visit was intended more particularly for Mrs. Bocastle."

"You want to borrow another thousand pounds, I suppose," sneered Mr. Bocastle.

Horace started. A quick look of intelligence, unnoticed by Mr. Bocastle, passed between himself and his aunt.

"*Tout au contraire*, my dear uncle," answered Horace gaily.

"I am here this morning to pay back to my aunt the thousand pounds she so very kindly lent me nearly three months ago. I think it still wants one week to the date specified by me as that on which the amount would be repaid."

Producing a pocket-book, he took therefrom a roll of notes, counted them, and then laid them by the side of his uncle's plate. "I think you will find the amount all right, sir," he said.

No word spoke Mr. Bocastle, but sat and stared at the notes in silence. Was he glad or sorry that the money had been returned?

Presently, but in a mechanical sort of way, he pressed each note between his thumb and finger, counted them, made a roll of them, and put them away in the breast pocket of his coat.

Horace turned to his aunt. "I must once more thank you most sincerely for the loan of this sum," he said. "It was not for myself that I required the money, but to relieve from a serious difficulty my father's oldest friend, a man whom I remember since I can remember anything. To him the service thus rendered has been inestimable." Then, turning to Mr. Bocastle, he said, "I had the pleasure of seeing you at the Countess of Buttermere's reception last evening, sir."

The uncle stared at his nephew. "You at Lady Buttermere's reception?" he said with a sort of half sneer.

"Will you sit down, Horace, and let me give you a cup of tea?" said Mrs. Bocastle.

So Horace sat down. "Her ladyship honoured me by sending me a card," he went on, addressing himself to Mr. Bocastle. "I should have come up and spoken to you only you were busy talking to Sir Spencer Melville."

Mr. Bocastle looked puzzled, but he would not condescend to question his nephew. His wife came to the rescue. "We did not know that you were acquainted with Lady Buttermere," she said.

"My acquaintance with her ladyship came about after a very simple fashion," answered the young man. "Her daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Agnes, are very fond of private theatricals. The stage-manager of the theatre at which I had just completed an engagement was their manager as well. They were going to play *The Husband's Secret*. At the last moment a certain Captain Alexander, who was cast for the part of Marmaduke Vavasour, fell ill. What was to be done? In this dilemma the manager remembered that I had played the part not long before. Accordingly I was sent for, and acquitted myself to the best of my ability. Since that time I have played more than once at Glendower House. This was the reason no doubt, coupled with the fact that her ladyship knows me to be your nephew, sir, that caused me to be honoured with an invitation for the reception last evening."

Mr. Bocastle's respect for his nephew, which had been down to zero, went up twenty degrees at once. It was just possible after all that this young man might not be such a fool as he had imagined him to be for choosing the stage as his profession in life.

"Were you not so unfortunate as to lose something at the reception last evening?" asked Horace, turning to Mrs. Bocastle.

"I lost a diamond bracelet—my husband's wedding gift." Tears sprang to her eyes as she spoke.

"What you were so unfortunate as to lose I was fortunate enough to find," said the young actor with a smile. Speaking thus he drew a little packet from his breast pocket, and opening the tissue paper in which it was wrapped he took the bracelet between his thumb and finger, and placed it on the table in front of Mrs. Bocastle.

"Oh, Horace!" she exclaimed, and for the moment she could say no more.

Mr. Bocastle's eyes wandered from the bracelet to his nephew's face, and then back again. For once in his life he was at a loss what to say.

"I should like to know how this bracelet came into your possession," was what he did say at last.

"That is very easily explained, sir," answered the young man.

"I was close behind you and my aunt as you went downstairs last evening on your way to your carriage. It was something of a squeeze, as you may remember, and it was my intention to speak to you in the hall, where we should not be so crowded. I had nearly reached the foot of the staircase when my eye was caught by some glittering object on the dark carpet. I stooped to pick it up, and the moment I had it in my hand I knew it again. I saw the bracelet shortly after your marriage, sir. I was pressing forward to restore it to you when Lady Mary tapped me on the arm with her fan. She wanted to talk to me about a forthcoming amateur performance, and I could not get away from her for several minutes. By that time I found you had gone, so, thinking it no use to follow you at that hour, I buttoned my coat carefully over the bracelet and set off homeward. I had nearly reached my rooms, when the thought struck me that, rendered uneasy by the loss of the bracelet, you might perhaps have not yet retired for the night. Accordingly I chartered the first hansom I could find, and bade the man drive as fast as possible; but when I reached here there was not a light to be seen in any part of the house."

"And yet I sat up writing letters for some time after my return," said Mr. Bocastle.

"But the shutters would be fastened, and no light would be visible from the street," said Mrs. Bocastle.

"After that I could do nothing but drive home and wait till morning," resumed Horace; "and here I am."

Mrs. Bocastle got up and crossed to the back of her husband's chair, and put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

Horace pushed back his chair and strolled to the window.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am, Theo, that the bracelet has been found," whispered the young wife in her husband's ear. "It has been a lesson to me that I can never forget. Never again, as long as I live, will I hide anything from you, or attempt to deceive you in any way."

"Never forget one thing, Catherine—that your husband is your best friend."

"And Horace?" asked Mrs. Bocastle in a low voice. "After what has happened, you will say nothing about the past?"

"Ask him to dine with us. Dear me, how like the boy is to his mother now that he has shaved off his moustache! All the same, I wish he had not taken to the stage."

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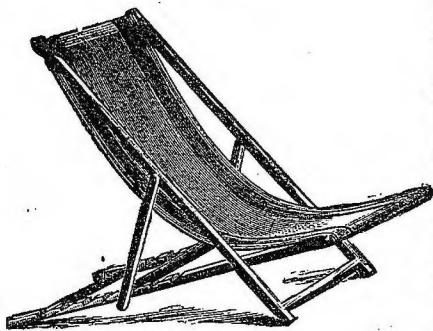
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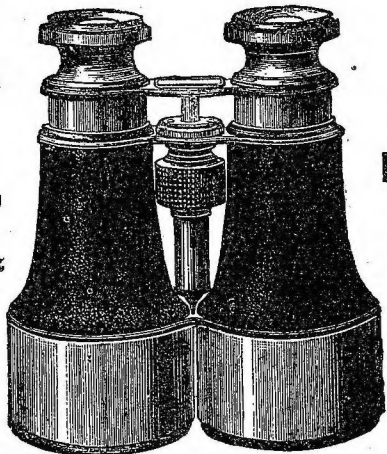
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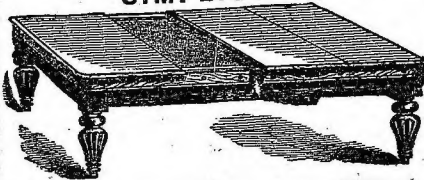


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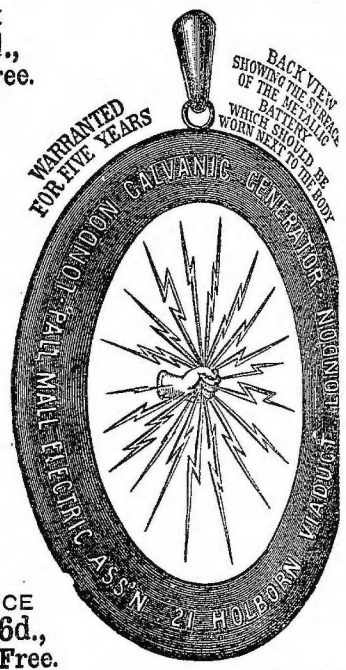
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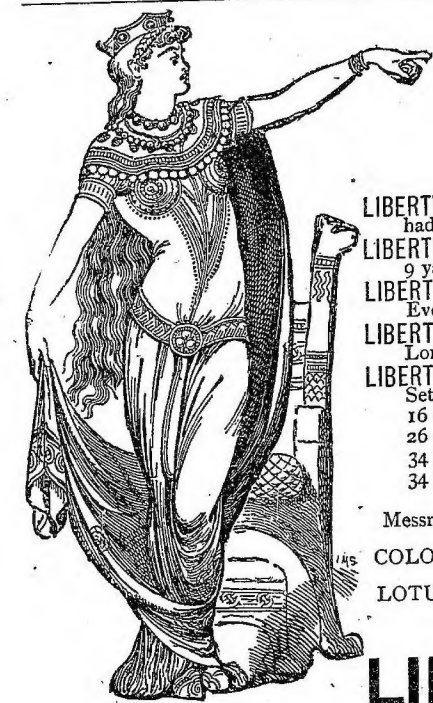


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